The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 10, 1919

THE LABOR SITUATION

A PERSONAL, round-table conference between antagonists not infrequently saves an open break and costly warfare. If in 1914 the Kaiser had acceded to the urgent request of Sir Edward Grey for a round-table conference, shared in by the nations vitally interested in the Balkan and European situation, the Great War might have been avoided. The Kaiser declined because he wanted war and he knew that a conference might stop it.

If the people of this country want the kind of industrial warfare that is now prevailing in Russia, they will disapprove of the National conference of representatives of wage-workers and employers which has been called by President Wilson for a discussion of the "fundamental means of bettering the whole relationship of capital and labor and putting the whole question of wages upon another footing." The first suggestion of such a conference which we have seen was made by Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior. In a despatch dated Washington, August 28, Mr. Lane was quoted as saying: "I believe the President should call immediately a conference of representatives of the four great factors involved in the present economic situation—labor, capital, business executives, and the public. Such a conference would go far to solve the perplexing and dangerous problems the Nation to-day faces." Mr. Gompers, who is the foremost labor leader of this country, if not of the world, on his return from Europe is reported to have approved of this plan, and it is now hoped that such a conference will be held in Washington early in October. Extremists in the employing class who believe that trade unions can be and should be destroyed are for warfare. Extremists in the wage-working class who are opposed, at least theoretically, to private property, and who want to destroy the present industrial system in this country and erect upon its ruins a communistic state, are in favor of industrial warfare. The great body of American citizens, however, wish to preserve our present institutions with such modifications and improvements as can be added without destroying the foundations upon which the structure rests. These conservatives, who should preferably be called conservationists, should unite and co-operate, whether they are popularly known as capitalists or labor leaders, for their cause is a common one.

A LABOR PROPOSAL

In this connection it is interesting that a committee appointed about August first by President James B. Holland, of the New York State Federation of Labor, to confer with representatives of industrial, commercial, manufacturing, financial, transportation, and other such associations, and which has been holding these conferences in the rooms of the Merchants Association of New York City, has just published a report which states that industrial warfare is not the method by which to re-establish normal conditions in this country. At the same time it recognizes that industry is in a state of war and makes the following recommendations:

> 1. Your committee earnestly recommends that the Executive Council take steps to cancel and suspend all strikes now in progress in New York State, and to use their influence to prevent the calling of future strikes except in such circumstances as, in the opinion of the Executive Council, render it imperatively necessary to use the strike weapon.
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> 2. That the truce shall be on the basis of the status quo.
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> 3. That the period of the truce shall be six months, or for such longer period as President Wilson may require to enable him to effect a reduction of the cost of living.
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> 4. That notice be served on all employers that any individual, firm, or corporation which attempts to take advantage of organized labor's attitude, to serve its own interests at the expense of labor, shall be left for a reasonable time to such disciplinary measures as other employers or organizations of employers may wish to put into effect, and that if disciplinary measures be not taken by the employers themselves, then organized labor will fight such unfair and disloyal individual, firm, or corporation in a manner that will never be effaced from the culprit's memory.
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> 5. That copies of this report be transmitted to Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and to the various State Federations of Labor throughout the United States, with the recommendation that the policy outlined herein be adopted by all.

While this report has been published, it has not been officially presented to the New York State Federation of Labor, and the committee making it has no special authority in the Federation. It should not therefore be too hastily taken as an expression of the general view of labor in the State of New York. But it does show that conference, co-operation, and reason are beginning to commend themselves to large bodies of men as substitutes for warfare in industrial relations.

MR. GOMPERS RETURNS

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, lately arrived in this country from Amsterdam, where he was a delegate at the International Trades Union Congress there. He reports that the Congress marks a new step in the progress of labor. The organization has hitherto had its headquarters at Berlin, but has been unrepresentative of labor. Its headquarters have now been moved to Amsterdam and a genuinely representative executive has been elected, namely, W. A. Appleton, Secretary of the British Federation of Trades Unions. Mr. Gompers proposed Mr. Appleton's name and had the satisfaction of seeing him elected by a two-to-one vote.

Mr. Gompers's more notable act, however, seems to have been his correction of the German delegates who had unrepentantly attempted to defend their attitude during the war. These delegates might be, as they claimed, devoted adherents of the trade-union cause; but, if so, why, inquired Mr. Gompers, did they indorse wanton war, why did they applaud the Lusitania horror, and why did they formally approve the deportation of Belgian workingmen? To this the only explanation of the attitude of the German unions was that they had been made to believe they were fighting a defensive war.

Equally striking was the attitude of Mr. Gompers towards Bolshevism. The Bolshevist delegates proposed a resolution expressing "satisfaction with the efforts undertaken by the proletariat classes." Fortunately, Mr. Gompers was chairman of the committee to which this resolution was referred, and through his efforts it was killed. As a majority of all the delegates were Socialists, the defeat of the resolution is, we hope, as Mr. Gompers says it is, a definite and final repudiation by the organized labor of Europe and America not only of Bolshevism but of the whole effort to inveigle labor unions into revolutionary movements.

MR. CARNEGIE'S WILL

The will of the late Andrew Carnegie is a document of immense human interest.

In the first place, it shows that Mr.

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Carnegie was true to his aim of divesting himself of most of his property for the benefit of mankind. During his lifetime he gave away some $350,000,000 for charitable and educational objects; at his death he left an estate estimated at between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000. This is divided in a series of bequests to institutions, such as Hampton Institute, Stevens Institute, and the Cooper Union, and to various old friends distinguished and undistinguished. He had provided for his family in his lifetime.

Mr. Carnegie's annuities to well-known persons included ex-President Taft and the widows of ex-Presidents Cleveland and Roosevelt; David Lloyd George, Viscount Morley, John Burns, Thomas Burt, John Wilson, and Walter Damrosch. The annuities to Mr. Taft and to the widows of the other two ex-Presidents imply Mr. Carnegie's regard for these executives and also reflect his desire for Congressional pensions for ex-Presidents and their families. He justly believed that those who had served the Nation in its highest office should not be left to the hazards of ordinary business or professional careers when once they were back in private life.

Mr. Carnegie revealed himself particularly in his remembrance of the domestics who had served him—his old butler, his old housekeeper, "Nannie Lockerbie, our nurse," and "Maggie Anderson, our oldest servant," and all the others at Skibo Castle, the Carnegie place in Scotland. Nor were the crofters there forgotten, the small farmers on the estate. "Our factor is directed to grant a third year's rent to the crofters provided it is spent upon their homes to their improvement and to the satisfaction of the factor." Moreover, the gamekeeper, the forester, the chauffeur, the yacht captain, the superintendent of the golf course, the piper, the gardener, and all the other laborers were remembered. "We are blessed with fine people on the Skibo estate," wrote Mr. Carnegie into his will with his own hand.

Such a document takes unique place. Let us trust that it may soon have a rival, if not in the amounts disposed of in the testator's lifetime and at his death, at all events in the humane spirit which directed such disposal.

FRANK BACON: A STRIKING ACTOR-MANAGER

The actors, in their first great organized strike against the managers, as The Outlook has already reported, maintain that they are striking for a principle, the labor principle of collective bargaining. Indeed, as far as the great stars of the profession go, it is truly a matter of unselfish principle, for they have all to lose and nothing to gain by a strike. They are highly paid and have few personal grievances. It is for their profession itself and for the vast body of workers that the strike has been made. No one who hears the striking actors speaking on Broadway or who attends one of the performances given by the Actors' Equity Association can doubt this statement.

There are actors, great stars, who are not with the rank and file of their profession, but most of these are generally actor-managers, such as George M. Cohan, Louis Mann, David Warfield, William Coburn, Holbrook Blinn. As an offset to such names as these it is worth while to record the story of Frank Bacon, an actor-manager who has gone on strike.

Frank Bacon has devoted his life to his profession from the day when he ran away from home and joined a wandering circus. From the circus he joined a stock company on the Pacific Coast, and knew what it was to be stranded on the road anywhere from Salt Lake City to Grass Valley, California. He was a favorite character actor in the old Alcazar Theater in San Francisco, and played the part of G. Whittaker Hay in "Old Tennessee's Partner" and Babs in "Charley's Aunt" whenever a benefit performance was given.

Finally the chance for which he had been working a lifetime came to him. He brought his own play "Lightnin'" East to Broadway. His play was not only recognized, but became one of the greatest successes of the season. And yet, after forty years of struggle to reach Broadway, when the call came to him to stand by his fellow-workers, he forgot that he was a manager and a playwright and remembered only the long, weary stretch of uphill work he had in the ranks as an actor. He went to his wife for advice, and without a moment's hesitation she replied: "If we lose all, I have not forgotten how to use the cook-stove." When the actors recently paraded Broadway, none received a greater ovation than gray-haired Frank Bacon, at the head of his own company.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

It is of the utmost importance not merely to the inhabitants of Germany but to the rest of the civilized world that that unhappy country shall progress as steadily and rapidly as possible along the paths of law and order towards reasonable and just international relations. There are those, especially in France, who fear that the Germans still dream of dominating the world by force and will devote themselves during the next ten, fifteen, or twenty-five years to building up their military and financial strength for this purpose. Doubtless there is a considerable chauvinist or jingo party alive in Germany who through chagrin or anger at their defeat would like to see the German Empire develop again into a formidable and threatening militaristic power. But there are some indications that the German people are at least beginning to see that the Prussian policy of terrifying the world by force has proved to be both useless and fatal. This is the view taken in a special article to the New York "Times" by George Renwick, one of the calmest and most judicial of the war correspondents. He has just been making a visit to Germany, and as a result is rather hopeful of conditions there. He says:

> I believe that a war of revenge—prepared before a watching world—is impossible. Germany is worn and half starved and can only carry her burdens if the reduced strength of her workmen is restored by supplies of food and her trade and industries are set going again by financial credits and raw materials. It will be a long process, and at present Germany's fate does really hang in the balance.

Mr. Renwick believes that the truth about the war is gradually but thoroughly getting into the minds of the German people. He thinks that the new Constitution of Germany is genuinely democratic and that if given an opportunity to function it may accomplish much. He does not fear that the militaristic reactionaries will succeed in again seizing the reins of power, for, he says, "Germany is beaten and she knows it. The evil Prussian spirit which during nearly fifty years had leavened Germany to her hurt, which wrought such incalculable damage to the whole world, which aroused a hatred and a justifiable anger not easily to be overcome—that spirit has gone. All investigators, I think, agree with me there."

It would perhaps be safer to say that the Prussian spirit, while not entirely gone, has been greatly weakened. While the rest of the world should not in foolish optimism cease to be on guard to prevent any revival of Prussianism, it should as far as possible encourage and support those Germans who are struggling to develop a spirit of humanism and liberalism among their countrymen.

THE FAR EAST AND THE NEAR EAST

A correspondent writes to us as follows:

> I wish you would state the names of the countries which are included under the name "The Far East," and those constituting what is called "The Near East." I see these expressions often but I do not know what they mean. I think

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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CONFUSING !

Morris in the Sioux Falls Press

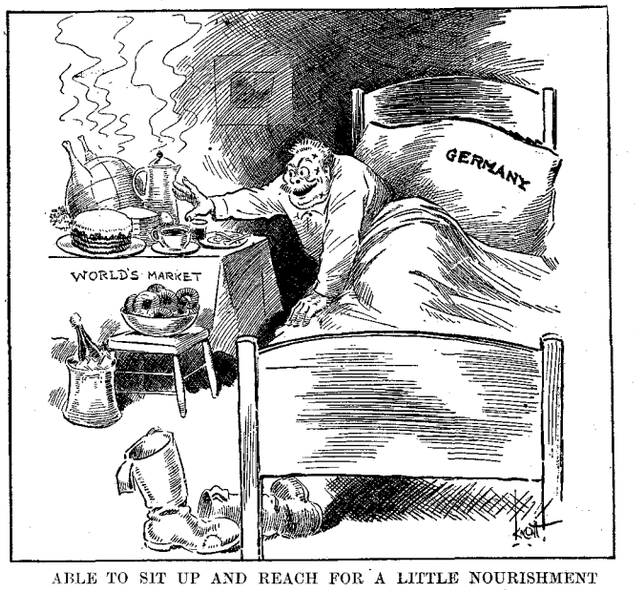
A VISITOR

From Jugend (Munich, Germany)

IN THE MEMORY

"The 'Week of National Mourning'? Oh, yes, I remember. That was the time when we enjoyed ourselves so splendidly!"

Knott in the Dallas News



ABLE TO SIT UP AND REACH FOR A LITTLE NOURISHMENT

From Campana de Gracia (Barcelona, Spain)

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING IN SPAIN

"Your money or your life!"

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a statement would interest your subscribers.

The Far East comprises Eastern Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements, and the islands adjacent to the above countries. Sometimes India is also included.

The Near East consists of the countries of the Balkan Peninsula and of Asia Minor, including Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and Persia.

Of the countries of the Near East, Persia, Armenia, and Bulgaria are now peculiarly prominent: Persia, because of the approaching visit to America of its monarch, the Shah; Armenia, because of the imminent danger of a new massacre and the pressure brought to bear upon America to accept a mandate for the supervision of Armenian affairs; Bulgaria, because of the report of the Inter-Allied Commission appointed to investigate violations of the Hague Treaty, and also because of the preparation at Paris of the Bulgarian Peace Treaty.

The Inter-Allied Commission reports that the Bulgarians' crimes exceed the ordinary infringements of international law. It holds the Bulgarian Government directly responsible for a long record of outrage, pillage, torture, and massacre. Many of the most terrible deeds described are laid to the account of the "comitadjes," or irregular police, organized from the lowest elements of the population. Yet, says the report, "some of the regular army officers outrivaled the comitadjes in the massacres of the civilian population. In especial, "the hatred of the Bulgarians for the Serbian Church," it adds, "was of a beastly, savage nature. They profaned the altars, stripped the nuns, and outraged the priests and monks." Everywhere "not only were men killed and women violated, but every kind of torture was exercised and every form of sadism practiced." As to the military population, "the massacre of Serbian prisoners and wounded became almost the rule, the slaughter being preceded by tortures and mutilations. Whole groups of prisoners were tied one to another and then slashed to death with swords." The report concludes thus: "The civilized world cannot remain indifferent before such a situation. A people capable of hating up to this point, so blind and ferocious in the expression of its hate, represents a danger for its neighbors."

THRACE

The danger spoken of above is apparently to be extended, and by the American Government's action at that.

In the preparation of the Bulgarian peace treaty, not only have the countries which fought and defeated Bulgaria taken part, namely, Great Britain, France, Italy, Serbia, and Greece, but also America. Why should we participate?

We declined to fight Bulgaria; on the contrary, our Administration would not break with Bulgaria, and permitted her Minister to remain at Washington during the whole period of the European war; he was also allowed not infrequently to explain Bulgaria's position and to defend it. The Outlook and other journals repeatedly urged a contrary and virile policy upon the Administration. In vain.

Though there is no apparent reason why we should participate in the imposition of peace terms upon a nation with which we have never officially severed amicable relations, yet it seems that our co-belligerents did ask us to assist them in the task.

Both Bulgaria and Greece demand the possession of Thrace, that is, of about all that is left of Turkey in Europe. Bulgaria wants it because there are many Bulgars there; she also wants it to assure an outlet to the Ægean Sea. Greece demands it because it was once hers, and because there are more Greeks there than Bulgars.

The Greek position with regard to Thrace has been favored by our allies. But not by the American Government. It suggested instead that Thrace become an internationalized state, and, failing that, that it become Greek except the extreme northwest; that the port of Dedeagatch on the Ægean Sea become a free port, the passage thither from Bulgaria to be across an internationalized strip of land.

If such a compromise should be accepted, Bulgaria will indeed be doubly indebted to the present American Administration.

THE RACE PROBLEM

THE race problem is National in scope, but its final solution must be locally determined. It is a problem of human relationship, and this human relationship is reducible in the final analysis to the one white man, face to face with one Negro. The National race problem is really only a multiplication of the problem of this individual relationship.

This is why The Outlook has always insisted that the Negro problem of the South could be solved only by the South. The North can advise and aid, and that is all. Now that the North is becoming acutely aware of the fact that it possesses a race problem of its own, while the situation is reversed, the principle still remains the same. East St. Louis (an Illinois, not a Missouri, city, we ask our readers to observe) and Chicago, Washington, Knoxville, and Atlanta, to each its peculiar problem, to each its own solution. But the intensely local character of the race problem should not prevent the broadest National consideration of its causes and effects. The North can learn from the South and the South from the North. But upon each section and locality must rest the responsibility for putting into effect the conclusions reached in general discussion and study.

It is this dual character of the problem in its local and National aspects which lends peculiar interest to the proposal recently put forward by the Southern Sociological Congress, of which Bishop Theodore D. Bratton is President.

This proposal, at the suggestion of President Wilson, was laid before the Conference of the Governors of the several States recently in session at Salt Lake City, Utah. The Governors' Conference broke all precedents in permitting Bishop Bratton to speak at one of its sessions. The resolution which Bishop Bratton proposed was made a part of the official records of the Conference, and received high praise from many of the Governors present.

The resolution laid before the Governors' Conference and the programme called for therein are of such merit and importance that we republish them here in full. The resolution reads:

Recognizing that the Negro is a permanent and increasingly important factor in the development of our National life, the Southern Sociological Congress considers the solution of the problem of race relations as the most delicate and difficult single task for American democracy. We believe that no enduring basis of good will between the white and colored peoples in this country can be developed except on the fundamental principles of justice, co-operation, and race integrity. The obligations of this generation to posterity demand that we exert our utmost endeavor to preserve the purity of our democratic ideals expressed in the American Constitution as well as the purity of the blood of both races. With this belief the Southern Sociological Congress has worked out a programme for the improvement of race relations which we respectfully submit to this Conference of Governors in the earnest hope that this body of distinguished leaders may lend its powerful influence towards making this programme effective throughout the Union.

The programme is:

First, that the Negro should be liber-

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ated from the blighting fear of injustice and mob violence. To this end it is imperatively urgent that lynching be prevented:

1. By the enlistment of Negroes themselves in preventing crimes that provoke mob violence.

2. By prompt trial and speedy execution of persons who are guilty of heinous crimes.

3. By legislation that will make it unnecessary for a woman who has been assaulted to appear in court to testify publicly.

4. By legislation that will give the Governor authority to dismiss a sheriff for failure to protect a prisoner in his charge.

Second, that the citizenship rights of the Negro should be safeguarded, particularly:

1. By securing proper traveling accommodations.

2. By providing better housing conditions and by preventing extortionate rents.

3. By providing adequate educational and recreation facilities.

Third, that closer co-operation between white and colored citizens should be promoted (without encouraging any violation of race integrity):

1. By organizing local committees, both white and colored, in as many communities as possible for the consideration of interracial problems.

2. By the employment of Negro physicians, nurses, and policemen as far as practicable in work for sanitation, public health, and law enforcement among their own people.

3. By enlisting all agencies possible in fostering justice, good will, and kindliness in all individual dealings of members of one race with members of the other.

4. By the appointment of a standing commission by the Governor of each State for the purpose of making a careful study of the causes underlying race friction, with the view of recommending proper means for their removal.

In addition to the standing commissions proposed in the foregoing programme there should be a National commission appointed by the President to serve as a unifying body to co-ordinate the work of the several State commissions here proposed. The work of the National Commission should in no way be permitted to conflict with the State commissions and local committees proposed in the programme of the Southern Sociological Congress. The National Commission should work with and through the State commissions rather than as a supervising and superior body.

SELECTION VS. SENIORITY

DURING the war the Navy tried out a system of promotion by selection, and Admiral Sims has recently declared that the system is illogical, absurd, and is undermining the morale of the service. Admiral Sims's comments upon the present system (which we find published in the "Army and Navy Journal") were brought out by a broad-minded appeal from Secretary Daniels to all naval officers above the grade of Lieutenant-Commander to present their candid opinions of the method of promotion by selection which has been in operation within the Navy.

When a small board of high ranking officers is called upon to decide who shall be promoted and who shall not be promoted, Admiral Sims points out that the individual member of such a board is frequently called upon to vote when the circumstances are as follows:

(*a*) He does not know the candidate.
(*b*) He does not know his service reputation.
(*c*) He never even heard his name before.
(*d*) The candidate's report of fitness is practically the same as that of hundreds of other reports.

As a substitution for promotion solely by a board of officers whose chief knowledge of the qualifications of candidates is derived from "efficiency reports" Admiral Sims suggests the following system. With his usual directness he says:

> All the Department need do is to send each officer a list of the officers eligible for selection from the grade next below, and require each officer to submit a list of those whom he believes to be best fitted for promotion. For example, if forty promotions of lieutenant-commanders were to be made, each commander's list would contain forty names, and all lists would be submitted for the guidance of the Board of Admirals.
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> It can readily be determined from these lists which officer has the highest average standing, and which has the second highest, and so on up to the fortieth. It is a question of simple arithmetic.
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> This final list of forty would therefore be based upon the combined opinions of the 414 commanders, and their opinions are based upon both their personal knowledge of these men and upon the reputations of the men for ability to perform the duties of the next higher grade—qualities that are continuously under discussion in the grade above.

Admiral Sims frankly says: "The present system is thoroughly discredited throughout all grades. The present state of mind is very near to revolt." It might be added that one should not ask Admiral Sims for a candid opinion unless one expects to get it.

Within the Army as well as within the Navy the question of promotion by selection or seniority is at present being eagerly discussed. During the war the Army as well as the Navy made promotions by selection, and the War Department hopes to make this policy permanent, as provided for in the War Department Bill recently outlined in The Outlook.

Before a Congressional Committee, General March, Chief of Staff, defended this proposal at some length. The proposal of the War Department covers all officers above the grade of second lieutenant, and it is summarized by General March as follows:

> We propose in this legislation that there shall be appointed a board of five officers, to be appointed by the President, and to meet in Washington, or wherever he sees fit to have them meet. To this board will be submitted the recommendations to promotion by selection in the Army. If a vacancy occurs and there is nobody in the Army service of the next lower grade who has been recommended for promotion by selection by his own people, then promotion by seniority goes into effect, and the seniority man gets it anyway.
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> If, however, there has developed in that grade a man so well qualified that the commanding officer has recommended that that man be promoted by selection, then his name goes in. In other words, the Army, by that process, will get promotions with its own approval.

It will be noted that the Army plan differs from that suggested by Admiral Sims in that promotion is made to depend upon the recommendations of an officer's immediate superior, advised, it should be added, by a personnel board chosen from among the unit under his command.

Many Army officers feel that such a system leaves too large an opening for the introduction of morale-killing favoritism and pull. They point out that in time of peace such a system would give too great an advantage to men fortuitously placed in close personal contact with their superiors; and this criticism seems to us well founded.

The problem of developing an equitable system of promotion within the Army is harder than in the Navy, for the Navy is of necessity very much more on a war footing in time of peace than is the Army. If a naval officer is inefficient, his vessel goes on the rocks or his engines break down when put to the test of a storm. A corresponding inefficiency in an Army officer might result only in a depreciated morale in the troops under his command. Though the destruction of morale through inefficiency is no less dangerous than the destruction of a vessel, it is less tangible.

The whole question of promotion by

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selection or seniority resolves itself into the following propositions:

1. Promotion by selection encourages favoritism and injures morale.

2. Promotion by a rigid system of seniority discourages initiative, coddles the slacker, and puts a premium upon respectable mediocrity.

Of the two horns of this dilemma, it seems to us that (if coupled with a system of rigid examination for promotion, by which the majority of the unfit are eliminated) the seniority plan offers fewer difficulties in the way of successful application. Certainly this is true in time of peace; and we believe that the great body of Army opinion is back of us in making this statement.

The plan for promotion by selection put forward by Admiral Sims appears to us to be the most promising proposal of this kind which has yet been offered, but it should also be said that it is a plan much better adapted to the Navy than to the Army.

POPULAR FALLACIES

V—THAT WE CANNOT CHANGE HUMAN NATURE

THERE are certain fundamental elements in human nature which cannot be changed. Man is a vertebrate animal and in the class of mammalia. He has the bones and blood, the eyes and ears and brains, the appetites and the passions, of the animal nature. Nothing can change that nature. No fastings, scourging, or prayings can rid him of his animal nature. An animal he was made and an animal he must remain till death dissolves his body and sets him free.

And he is more than animal; he has reason, conscience, reverence, imagination, ideals, and affections. Germs of these powers may be discerned in other animals, but they remain but germs. Man's reason deduces from observed phenomena general laws; his conscience enforces them upon himself and others; his imagination makes him an artist; his ideals and his reverence make him a worshiper; he organizes states, builds churches, creates language and literature. These powers cannot be denied to him nor destroyed by him. No materialistic philosophy can persuade him that he does not possess them. No vices can entirely extinguish them.

> "Though much spent
> Be the life and the bearing that front you, the same God did choose
> To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite lose."

But this is not the meaning of the Popular Fallacy. Its meaning is well interpreted by Felix Holt the Radical, in George Eliot's novel so entitled, and by Felix Holt the reply is furnished:

> They tell me I can't alter the world—that there must be a certain number of sneaks and robbers in it, and if I don't lie and filch somebody else will. Well, then, somebody else shall, for I won't. That's the upshot of my conversion, Mr. Lyon, if you want to know it.

We cannot destroy the elemental powers of human nature and substitute others in their place. But we can develop these powers or we can dwarf them; we can direct them to noble or to ignoble uses; we can make our spiritual powers the master or the servants of our bodies; we can make our reverence contribute to degrading superstitions or to inspirational worship; we can make our imagination inspire to a higher life or incite to sensuality; we can make our conscience a cruel despot of others or a wise guide for ourselves. The New England Primer of olden time told the child that Moses was the meekest man of history; but when he saw an Egyptian maltreating an Israelite and with one blow felled him to the earth and left him dead, he was not the meekest of men. His passion, developed by discipline, made him patient, for patience is passion tamed. Augustine the roué was a very different man from Augustine the great theologian; Luther the monk climbing Pilate's Staircase on his knees to win pardon was a very different man from Luther the Protestant nailing upon the doors of the Wittenberg church his defiance to the Pope; Wesley the High Churchman was a very different man from the Wesley who leaped over all ecclesiastical fences and discarded all ecclesiastical rules and rituals in his enthusiastic resolve to carry the glad tidings to the common people; Gough the drunken bookbinder was a very different man from Gough the pioneer apostle of temperance.

Nor are these changes in character exceptional. They are the very fabric of history. "Huge white bodies, cool-blooded, with fierce blue eyes, reddish flaxen hair; ravenous stomachs, filled with meat and cheese, heated by strong drinks; of a cold temperament, slow to love, home-stayers, prone to brutal drunkenness"—these are the features which Taine attributes to the early Saxons, and some remnants of them remain to this present day, but they are not the distinctive features of the Anglo-Saxon of the twentieth century. America to-day may retain in a different form some of the vices of ancient Rome, but the American civilization of to-day is radically different from the Roman civilization of the first century. The Negroes of to-day, landowners, farmers, mechanics, merchants, bankers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, are very different from the Negro slaves of seventy-five years ago. Careful scientific measurements have demonstrated that the heads of infant children born of foreign parents in this country are appreciably different from the heads of infant children born of the same parents in the Old World.

The notion that human nature cannot be changed is based upon a false philosophy. It assumes that man is a marble statue which can be mutilated but not made over. But he is not a marble statue; he is potter's clay, and life is still at work molding him. Man is not made; he is in the making. As has been well said, "creation is not a product but a process." The first chapter of Genesis we must read in the present tense: God is creating the heaven and the earth, he is dividing the day from the night, he is calling up the waters from the seas and making them into clouds, he is speaking to the earth and it brings forth grass and herb yielding seed and trees yielding fruit; he is forming man out of the dust of the earth and breathing into him the breath of life, and man is becoming a living soul.

There is in the Sistine Chapel at Rome a great mural painting by Michael Angelo, representing the Last Judgment. Men and women are emerging from their graves in various postures, and some who are entirely freed are helping others to escape from their graves. It is a true picture of life. Man is emerging from the animal. Life is a process of resurrection. Some of us are trying to help our neighbors up, some of us are trying to push them back into the grave. What the finished man will be no one can guess. We can be sure only of this, that he will be beyond our most extravagant hopes. Who could anticipate a Browning or a Gladstone in the babe in the cradle? who could anticipate an American Republic extending from the Gulf to the Lakes and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast in the infant colonies whose only equipment was love of liberty and a courage that dared fight for it? who could have guessed from the six members of the drinking club forming in Chase's Tavern in Baltimore the first Total Abstinence Society in this country that in less than a century the whole country would become a Total Abstinence society? Says Henry Ward Beecher, "Men walk from the fleshly up to the spiritual." He does but repeat the declaration of Jesus that the kingdom of God is like a seed cast into the earth and "the earth brings forth fruit of herself." The spiritual forces are in man himself, and every one who is trying to make this world a better world has God's time and unrecognized spiritual forces in man himself working with him.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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THE RACE PROBLEM AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH

TWO STORIES AND AN ESSAY

The race problem—the problem as to how the black and white races in the South shall live together politically and industrially while preserving their racial integrity—is distinctively a Southern problem. It must in the last analysis be solved by Southerners with such sympathetic and understanding co-operation as Northerners may be called upon to give. This was the view of Booker Washington, and is, we think, the view of the best leaders, both white and colored, in the South. It is significant that the following three contributions were received by The Outlook independently of one another and within the same week. With them should be read the programme, printed on another page of this issue, which is proposed by the Southern Sociological Congress.

Miss Start, the author of the tragic story "The Land of the Free," writes us that she was born in the mountains of Virginia, and that her entire life has been spent in that State and farther South. Her father was a Methodist clergyman and her grandfather was a slaveholder, although his slaves were freed while he was still young. Her grandmother, while a young girl in attendance at the Augusta Seminary, Staunton, Virginia, became deeply impressed with the somber and bitter side of slavery, to which circumstances Miss Start ascribes her own desire to see more just relations established between the whites and the blacks. Julian Bagley, the author of "The Unlettered Day," is a young colored man, a graduate of Hampton. His story has been sent to us by a Hampton teacher, with the statement that "the lesson in the story is one that The Outlook, I believe, will heartily support." Mr. Miller, who discusses the problem in a paper entitled "The War and Race Feeling," is the editor of the "Southern Agriculturist," published at Nashville, Tennessee. In response to our inquiry he writes: "Yes, I am purely Southern; was born in Tennessee, and have spent most of my life here; the rest in North Carolina and Alabama."

If this complicated and in some respects terrible problem can be dealt with in the spirit here displayed by these three Southerners, two of them white and one of them colored, there is great hope for a just and reasonable solution.—The Editors.

I—THE LAND OF THE FREE

BY EMMA WILMOT START

ALEC JOHNSON, colored, came down the mountain-side with the flexile grace of a young panther. He was twenty-five years old and weighed one hundred and forty pounds. One hundred and forty pounds of well-trained and disciplined manhood.

He was not whistling as usual, but was caught in the perfumed silence of the June morning. Rhododendrons glowed about his knees, wild grape shook fragrance to his brows; a pheasant with her speckled brood squatted close to a lichen-spotted rock, not a feather stirring.

It was a day to incite gladness, and Alec rejoiced with every breath that swelled his slender chest, experiencing a great sense of freedom at having exchanged a worn and soiled army suit for the arrow-pattern flannel dear to the mountaineer. He was a self-respecting, capable man who had borne his part in the task of forcing civilization upon the world.

The path, curving abruptly, passed beneath a sweeping oak where nestled a clear spring from the bottom of which white sand bubbled in feathery sprays. A gourd dipper lay on a granite slab above it. Alec filled it and drank a long, refreshing draught.

"That's some water!" he affirmed. "What would them fellows have give—" He choked into silence at the remembrance of his comrades piled on the battlefield. Their black faces had proved sure targets. "How come they were black?" he thought in the vernacular he had nearly lost during his three years' training. No matter, their souls were white, and, gee, how they had fought! The general in command had said it was the black troops that saved the day.

Throwing himself beneath the oak, he gazed at the narrow mountain range sloping gracefully down to the valley, as if paying courtesy to the town lying at its foot. The square court-house in the center stood between two churches, their needle-like spires pointing sharply skyward. Why did that little town have two churches? They wouldn't always do it. In the Army all denominations had learned to worship together. What splendid range those spires would make for Big Berthas! Well, all that was over, thank God, and he was safely home. It was good to be able to lie undisturbed by sharp word of command or consciousness of a heavy pack to be carried. And up here—such air! He could breathe without thought of a gas mask that made a man feel lower than a muzzled dog.

He laughed, stretching himself lazily. As he did so a rustling in the ferns to the right caused him to turn his head and meet the leering eyes of a snake. His hand moved stealthily toward his pistol pocket, but was stayed.

"Get out!" he cried, tossing a stone at the wavering head, and another as the brownish-gray length glided away. "Struck me in your lucky time. I don't believe man is made fer to kill, nohow; he gits sick of it so soon."

He must have fallen asleep, for he was aroused suddenly by a booming sound not far away. "At it again!" he muttered. As he jerked himself obediently to his feet the buzz of a steam saw rent the mountain stillness. The sound angered him. Why could not the mountains be left untouched? They were his mountains; he had roamed in them since childhood, and their beauty was sacred.

As he stood watching the village a flag was run swiftly to the top of the court-house. Its heavy folds, catching the breeze, rippled gayly.

"Hurrah!" he cried, waving his hat. "There she floats! Go it, old girl!"

He began whistling softly "The Star-Spangled Banner," the notes gaining in volume as he sped downward. Full expression of the patriotism stirring within him demanded song. His voice rang forth clear and beautiful:

> "The star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
> O' the lan' o' the free an' the home o' the brave."

Another turning in the path brought him within sight of a small whitewashed cabin flanked by an apple orchard, the whitened trunks of the trees running in orderly lines. A group of beehives, sheltering at the orchard edge, faced squat, stone-weighted chicken hovels, in and out of which darted downy broods, to the dismay of the clucking mothers imprisoned within.

Near the hovels stood a young girl clad in a short, close-fitting dress of homespun. She was tall and willowy, and bent gracefully to support on her hip a tin pan, from which she fed a flock of larger chickens that fought and scrambled about her feet.

At the sound of Alec's approach she turned toward him a face much lighter than his own, and a sudden rush of color beautified her cheeks.

As he stood silently regarding her a Negro woman, followed by a wiry middle-aged white man, emerged from the forest to the right of the cabin. The woman was old and bent and her snowy hair wooled out in disarray from beneath a knitted cap.

"Alec," she cried, outstretching her arms in appeal, "I'm shoahly glad yo-all done come. Dis heah man-folk gwine cut my timbah! Twel him dese heah is we-allses woods."

She pointed toward a group of men that were swinging axes, sending great chips from the neighboring trees.

"Let up about your timber," commanded the man, evidently the foreman of the cutting party. "We aren't going to touch your house."

"But I want my tree," she pleaded.

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"They's mine clean ter heah," designating a charred stump at the edge of the clearing.

"Prove it," said the foreman; "but you will have to be quick. I 'low to clar all this side of the mountain in the nex' few days."

"It is hers," said Alec. "She holds the deed. You can't touch her prop'ty, you know."

"I know all about what I can touch," the foreman's voice rose angrily, "an' I don't want no nigger impudence."

"Laws, man," said the old woman, with a hysterical half laugh, half sob, "he ain' no imperdencer, an' he ain' no niggah; he done fit an' die fer his cawntry. De devil's a niggah, an' he's a white man."

"You oughtn't to touch her prop'ty," persisted Alec, laughing. "I know how it runs. I was playin' aroun' heah when it was surveyed. It is just as she says."

The foreman looked Alec over from head to feet, and a covetous light shone in his eyes.

"Look here," he said, "you keep out of this. Don't you want a job? We're short-handed, and you look like a good worker."

"No," replied Alec, "I have my regular job with Squire Waters down at the cote-house. I ain' workin' this week. I'm mindin' to git married," with a glance at the girl.

"Well, if you are getting married you will be to lots of expense. I pay good wages."

"I ain' workin'," asserted Alec; "an' you better not touch Aunt Martha's prop'ty. Ain' there no Fores' Rangers 'bout heah?"

It was the foreman's turn to laugh.

"Forest Rangers! Where did you hear of them? What do you think we are down here, anyhow? That's a Yankee institution. We can take care of our own forests."

"Well, you'd better not touch her prop'ty," repeated Alec, as the foreman moved off to join his men. "Don't worry, Aunt Martha; I'll speak to Squire Waters about it."

The girl, having fed the chickens, lowered the pan and came forward.

"Alec," she said in a low tone, "don' you-all fool with that sawmill man; he's bad, he'll ha'm you."

"He done got he eye on Becky," whispered the old woman with an ominous shake of her head.

"Nevah min', gran'mam," said the girl, laying her arm protectingly about the bent shoulders; "we'll go into the house," and, with a loving glance backward, she moved slowly off, leaving Alec to pursue his way.

But the glory of the day had faded, and though he kept his eyes on the floating flag, the song no longer rose to his lips.

As he neared the town he noticed a canvas strip stretched across the main street bearing the words—

"WELCOME TO OUR BRAVE BOYS"

They were white, the boys that were coming back, but he too belonged to a white regiment. He had been transferred after the great slaughter. He was one of the brave boys, and the consciousness made him glow with pride. He had been back a month, having made a straight march for home and Rebecca.

A platform had been erected on the court-house green and groups of men and women were decorating it with flags and bunting, while a brass band was laboriously practicing under an excited leader.

Seating himself on the steps of the platform, Alec waited, eager for companionship. Some one he knew would surely come that way.

Half an hour later, as he arose, stretching himself contentedly, a burly man approached him.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Alec turned toward the speaker, cupped his hand to a lighted match, and puffed at a cigarette before answering:

"Nothin'."

Later, as he halted at an office door, the same man approached him and repeated the question.

"You-all seem mighty curious about what I's doin'," replied Alec. "I ain' doin' nothin'. I's kinder wantin' ter see Squire Waters, but he ain' come yet."

"We don't allow loafers in this town."

"I ain' loafin', I's jes' waitin' 'roun'."

"Well, you'd better move on and stop waiting round. We're cleaning up the town, and I'm sheriff."

Throwing back his coat, he revealed a large star.

Alec nodded indifferently, reseating himself on the platform from which the band and the decorators had departed. As he drowsily waited he saw the foreman of the sawmill ride into the street and dismount. After hitching his horse to a rack in front of a store he engaged the sheriff in conversation. They both glanced toward the platform. The sheriff shook his head, then nodded, and the two parted, the foreman joining a man on the store porch, while the sheriff went on down the street and turned the corner.

The striking of the court-house clock aroused Alec to a consciousness that his midday meal was due and that he was hungry. Crossing the street, he entered an eating-house patronized by the colored residents of the community. As he ate he thought of Rebecca, her lithe young form, her glossy hair and sparkling eyes, and the becoming glow his presence always awakened in her cheeks. There was something other than these, something of which he caught a glimpse in the depth of her eyes and the reserve of her caresses. Rebecca was soulful. Three years ago he had not realized it; only her physical beauty had appealed to him. But now—one learns much in the hour of deadly conflict. In a tentative way he realized that it is soul that counts. The men that bear agony and death with fortitude are the soulful men. He too would be soulful in the conflict of life, and when children came, up there away from the world's discord and glitter, they should be soulful.

It was of this he thought as, his meal finished, he stepped back into the street facing Old Glory. He straightened himself to salute. He was proud that his children and Rebecca's should be born in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

A heavy hand fell upon his shoulder and the sheriff's nasal tone broke his revery.

"Come with me."

"Where to?"

"Ask no questions—just come."

Alec's hand moved toward his pistol pocket, but was quickly withdrawn as he faced the sheriff head up.

"I ain' got no reason ter come with you."

"You have been loafing about the streets all day. You refused honest work. I know your class. We are going to rid this town of loafers. You are going up the mountain to work with the lumber gang."

"That's a lie!" cried Alec, and received a stinging blow across his mouth.

He did not return the blow, but thought of Rebecca and turned to escape, only to confront the grinning face of the foreman of the sawmill, who stopped him with a backward jerk.

With the jerk Rebecca's warning and the old woman's assertion lent force to his wrath.

"Keep off!" he cried. "I warn you. I's dangerous."

The foreman's mocking laugh rang through the street as he advanced.

"Keep off, I warn you!" cried Alec again, but cried in vain. The foreman continued to advance, a triumphant leer upon his face.

"Say," asked Alec, "don' you-all know the law of the United States? This here is the land o' the free."

"Ther' ain't no law fer a nigger," cried the foreman, and grappled with Alec.

Then the natural thing happened. There was a muffled report, and Alec—Alec who had spared the snake because he hated to kill—stood with a smoking revolver in hand, and, as one in a dream, watched the foreman start backward, lunge forward, and fall upon his face.

He made no resistance when a few men joined the sheriff who led him toward the jail.

It was eight o'clock on the following evening when the wearied troop of returning soldiers marched up the main street amid strains of music and shouts of welcome. It was eight o'clock when a band of masked men, riding horses with muffled feet, halted at the jail door, received the key from the unresisting sheriff, and led Alec forth, forcing him from the lighted town to a dark gorge of the mountain.

There was a strange swaying of oak branches, five sharp reports, and only the silent stars to witness the possibility of American brutality and injustice.

As the masked party dispersed, making their way unnoticed to the town, the

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populace, led by the band on the platform, broke exultantly into singing:

"And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Up in the mountain forest a doe lay beneath a rhododendron bush, mourning over the still form of her dappled fawn that man had ruthlessly destroyed. A mother pheasant fluttered with broken wings, painfully calling the downy brood that could never return. But the snake stretched its loathsome length, unharmed, along the ledge above the spring.

On the charred stump in the clearing near the cabin sat a Negro maiden with her chin cupped in her hands as she stared with horrified eyes at the stars. Hers was a sorrow too great for tears.

In a shack far up the height a worn coat of olive-gray swayed in the night breeze that swept through the uncurtained window. The top of one pocket was finished with a bar of rainbow colors; three gilt service stripes adorned the cuff of one sleeve, while above a red stripe, near the shoulder of the other, was the faded insignia of a regiment that had gone bravely over the top in No Man's Land.

In Washington a band of selected men held extra session to discuss the advisability of signing a paper that would insure the freedom of all the peoples of the earth.

II—THE UNLETTERED DAY

BY JULIAN BAGLEY

"GREENBOW! Greenbow! All off for Greenbow!" shouted the conductor. At this warning a battle-scarred soldier got up, gathered his war trophies together, and five minutes later Rufus Jones, the man who had braved ten months in France and endured a dingy smoking car from Washington City, was standing on the platform of a little Southern station—home. No brass band met this hero at the train; no reception awaited him in the town hall; no, not even a star represented him in the service flag which waved so gloriously over the entrance of the village court-house. But, after all, it was home, sweet home, and Rufus said the whole-hearted welcome given him by his dear old mammy was good enough. "I jes' pin' dat Croix de Guerre on huh breast," he said, "and den we start' foh ter celebrate de vict'ry."

Rufus called their meeting a celebration, but to describe accurately the spirited reception given this chocolate soldier by his mother and the small group of admirers who met him at the station one would certainly have to use another term—perhaps to call it a remarkable demonstration would suffice. When the spontaneous part of the greeting was over, Rufus with his jubilant followers got into the rickety old wagon which Aunt Miranda had especially provided to carry her victorious son home.

"Is you-all in?" she demanded, anxiously, as the last lad scampered over the tail gate.

"Yes'm," was the happy reply.

"Den I'se ready foh ter go," she returned quickly, as she grasped the two rope reins in her hands.

A few sharp lashes and "Come up yere, suh," interpreted her meaning to the old mule, Pete, and so without further ceremony the happy party moved off like an overloaded excursion train. They were homeward bound! The trip home was without incident except for the wild tales of battle which Rufus told and an occasional stop on the wayside to allow the returned hero to greet an old friend. But, oh, what a jubilee awaited this soldier when he reached Aunt Miranda's little cabin! Neighbors came from all directions to see him—the man who had actually seen and fought a Hun! What a welcome it was! Crude in its way, of course, but nevertheless a sincere expression of their gratitude for the part that Black Greenbow had been permitted to play in the world's battle for human rights.

A sumptuous old-fashioned dinner began the celebration. Then there were quaint songs of rejoicing, a service of thanks, and finally all knelt down to be led in prayer by Deacon Lloyd Johnson, a stanch member of the Greenbow Baptist Church. "O Lord," he began, fervently, "we's t'ankful foh de care whut you done took uv dis yere boy Rufus. We t'anks you, heb'nly Father, foh keepin' up Sis' Miranda so strong an' brave all de time he been so long gone. An', O heb'nly Father, we t'anks thee foh gibin' dis same boy chance ter he'p snatch de debil's staff outen de Kaiser's hand. We would t'ank thee foh de chance you'se done gib him ter show de w'ite folks dat we cullud folks is allus loyal an' wid ouah country. An' now, O Lord, won' you he'p dese w'ite folks ter see we wants a fair deal? Have mussy on us, Lord, an' won' you stop dese mean folk f'om knockin' an' cuffin' us roun'? You promise, O Lord, ter be a rock in de weary land; ter go wid us in de time uv battle; an' you'se sho' done done dat. But dere's a mighty big rumblin' gwine on yit, an' right yere in Greenbow. He'p de w'ite folks, dear Father, ter see dat we cullud folks is tryin' ter do right. Send down a angel, O Lord, ter change de hearts of dese folks. He'p yo' humble servants, heb'nly Father, ter git some land an' eddication; go wid us in evahthing we does. An' w'en we's done done all we kin do, an' caynt do no mo', we ax you, mussyful Father, ter receive us in yo' kingdom, foh Jesus' sake. Amen."

The souls of these black folks were moved by this passionate prayer, and, even though Deacon Johnson had concluded, all remained silent. Finally one member began in a clear soprano this weird plantation melody:

"I'm gwine ter trus' in de Lord,
I'm gwine ter trus' in de Lord,
I'm gwine ter trus' in de Lord twell I die."

And when "I'm gwine ter trus' in de Lord" was finished, Aunt Miranda took up this one. It seems to have been improvised on the spot:

"Dis war's troubled evahbody,
Dis war's troubled evahbody,
Dis war's troubled evahbody all ovah dis worl'.

De rich an' de poor—hit's troubled evahbody,
De rich an' de poor—hit's troubled evahbody,
De rich an' de poor—hit's troubled evahbody,
All ovah dis worl'.

Dis war's gwine he'p evahbody,
Dis war's gwine he'p evahbody,
Dis war's gwine he'p evahbody all ovah dis worl'."

The last stanza—"Dis war's gwine he'p evahbody"—seemed to give the group new courage, and so, in spite of the fact that most of the older members had wept during the course of Deacon Johnson's prayer, they now got up full of hope. The horizon seemed to clear. Out of the dark days of war had come faith, hope, and a renewed spirit to push on to the brighter day. Once more they waited and trusted in the Lord; once more they believed that the war was going to help everybody—the rich, the poor, the black, the white—all. Before the group knelt down for prayer Rufus had not done much talking, but now he spoke out. "Dat sho' is one true song dat you jes' sung, ma. Dis war cert'nly is gwine he'p evahbody. It's gwine he'p you, Brer Johnson; it's gwine he'p you, Uncle Wash—all uv us gwine be he'p by it, an' I'se come back home foh ter do it too. Dis Army sho' done l'arn me sumpum dat I jes' caynt furgit. I useter be a pow'ful weakid man, but de war's done showed me ter God, an' I b'lieve if Ister die right now I'd be saved!"

"Amen! Thang God!" shouted Aunt Miranda as she clasped her arms around her son's neck. "My chile's done got religun—done found de way at last. An' he come back home foh ter he'p us. Whut you gwine do, son?" she inquired in an excitable voice. "Whut you gwine do ter he'p us? Tell us; make 'as'e an' tell us whut you gwine do."

"No'm, I caynt tell you yit," replied Rufus. "Caynt tell you nothin' tall twell I'se done seen Jedge Pratt."

"Lord hab mussy, chile," exclaimed Aunt Miranda, "doan you know Jedge

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Pratt done left ole Greenbow foh ter jine de Army sence you'se been gone?"

"So much de better," replied Rufus. "So much de better."

A ray of hope danced over this black man's face, and now in place of his usually oppressed look came a smile that was peculiarly bright. He was delighted to know that Judge Pratt, his former employer, had seen service in France.

The evening shadows advanced, but Rufus refused to divulge his secret, so finally, one by one, Aunt Miranda's friends got up, wished the young man good luck, and reluctantly left the little cabin, wondering all the while what Rufus was going to do to help them.

"Dat boy," mumbled one old woman as she quit the little cabin, "done come back yere wid he head full uv cu'rus notions, an' I doan know wedder I'se gwine trus' him or not—I'se gwine wait an' see."

But Deacon Johnson was more optimistic and less curious. "Rufus," he said as he extended his hand for the good-night shake, "may de Lord bless you, son! You'se done well, an' I sho' is glad I'se been yere foh ter hyeah you tell 'bout France. You must come ter my chu'ch sometime, hyeah, son. I want you to tell my congregation jes' whut you done tol' us yere ter-day."

"All right, suh," replied Rufus, smilingly; "fus' chance I gits I'se comin' foh ter tell yo' chu'ch 'bout my 'sperunce in France.

"T'ank you, son, t'ank you," returned the deacon. "Dat's de way I laks ter hyeah you talk. An' God's gwine bless you," he mumbled to himself. "God gwine bless you jes' sho's you bo'n. Good-night, Sis' Miranda," he continued, as he bowed gracefully and backed out of the little cabin door. "Tek care uv yo'se'f—you an' all de l'il' ones."

Once more the house was quiet. The last visitor was gone, and now only the immediate family remained. And so Aunt Miranda and all the little ones gathered around the big open fireplace and eagerly followed Rufus's thrilling tales until the night was well spent.

Early the next morning the young Negro went to the home of Judge Pratt in quest of his old job. Mrs. Pratt received him kindly and assured him that she would be glad to have his services again. Captain Pratt, she said, had been in France for six months, and was still there in command of a company in a Negro regiment.

"We expect the Captain home some time in June," said Mrs. Pratt, "and I wish that you would come to work as soon as you've rested, so that we may have the place in order when he arrives. You see," she continued, "we haven't had any help since you left, and the place has almost gone to pieces. The fence is down; the lawns need mowing; and there isn't a thing planted in our garden yet."

"All right, ma'am," answered Rufus. "I be yere next week sure."

The next week came. Rufus reported to Mrs. Pratt on time, and immediately began to get the large estate ready for the home-coming of Captain Pratt. April was almost gone, so there was just a little more than a month to put the place in shape by June. However, by the latter part of May Rufus had mowed the lawns, made a good garden, repaired the fence, and was ready for the Captain.

At last the great day came. Captain Pratt arrived. What a crowd had assembled at the station to greet him! The Mayor, the sheriff, the justice of the peace, prominent citizens—in short, the whole of Greenbow turned out to meet him. He was the first and only commissioned officer to arrive in this village, and the little town tried to overstep itself in doing him honor. Everywhere there were evidences of welcome. "Old Glory" was flung to the breeze on public buildings and private residences, the village church bells rang, discordant whistles shrieked out on the cotton factories, automobiles "tooted" their horns, while the little brass band literally swelled the air with its biggest and best tune—"Dixie."

From the station the procession marched directly to the Greenbow court-house. Here, on the porch of the building, the former Judge received an ovation, and from the same idolizing crowd that had just acclaimed him at the train. "Speech! Speech! Speech!" they cried. The Captain responded with a graceful bow. Again the crowd yelled in a variety of tones, "Speech! Speech! Speech!" No answer; another graceful bow. But bows would not suffice. So for the third and last time they repeated in a wild chorus: "Speech! Speech! Speech! We want a speech!" The pressure was too great for the Captain now, so he yielded to their demands by giving a short address in which he outlined America's part in the great war. This action seemed to please his listeners, so Captain and Mrs. Pratt excused themselves from this part of the crowd and went into the court-house, where they received the plaudits of the dignitaries. After this reception was over the distinguished guests made their way home.

How much it pleased Captain Pratt to find his estate in such fine order! One glance over its smooth green lawn convinced him that Rufus was a changed man.

"Well, Rufus, how're you?" asked Captain Pratt as he stepped from the automobile and handed the young Negro his hand-bag.

"Jes' middlin'," returned Rufus as he took up the bag and started toward the house.

"Why, wifey, what's the matter with Rufus? He didn't seem a bit glad to see me."

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Pratt. "He's been that way ever since he returned from France. Does his work much better than he used to, but never says a word, and never seems the least bit happy. And, you know," continued Mrs. Pratt, "it's not like Rufus to be sad. Before he went to the Army he was as happy as a lark. I just can't understand him now."

"Well," said Captain Pratt, "don't you worry; I'll find out what's wrong with him. Leave it to me."

The next morning when Captain Pratt went out to congratulate Rufus on the splendid appearance of the place he found him wearing the same forlorn look.

"What's the matter with you, Rufus?" asked the Captain.

"Nothin' 'tall, suh," was his prompt reply.

"Oh, yes, there is. My wife's just told me that you've carried a long face ever since you returned from France. Come, wake up," continued Captain Pratt; "tell me what's the matter with you. Maybe I can help you."

"Maybe I can help you." At the sound of these words the young Negro's face showed a keen sense of satisfaction, and it wasn't long before Captain Pratt had the whole story of his extreme sadness. Briefly, it was this: Rufus was sent to France with a regiment of Negroes who were either born or reared in the North. These men had had every opportunity to get an education, and were therefore intellectually superior to Rufus. Unfortunately, this illiterate Negro was sent to the regiment just as it was about to embark for overseas, and it was not discovered that Rufus was an unlettered man until the organization had reached Europe. Here he was, thousands of miles from home, and in an organization which offered very little to an illiterate man. Now came his first revelation of the value of an education.

"'Tween de boys in my comp'ny and de Y. M. C. A. I l'arn' how ter read an' write. An' I tell you whut, Cap'n Pratt, I'se mos' nigh worry myse'f ter death 'bout all dese yere black folks in Greenbow whut ain' know how ter write dere name—s'pose we'd hab 'nuther war? I'se done make up my min' foh ter he'p all my people how ter write. Dis Army's done l'arn' me sumpum, an' I jes' ain' comin' back yere an' be de same ole Rufus."

For a while Captain Pratt stood almost mystified, for he himself had led a company of Negroes, and in almost every case the illiterates in his organization were from the South. He knew Rufus was telling the truth, and deep down in his heart the Captain made his first resolution to help the Negroes of Greenbow make a fight on illiteracy. But to draw the young Negro out he asked, casually: "Well, what're you going to do about it, Rufus?"

"Well, suh, I'se gwine do jes' lak Unker Sam done wid dem whut couldn' write in de Army. I'se gwine hab a Unlettered Day foh all."

"What do you mean by an Unlettered Day?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, doan you know whut de Unlettered Day is, Cap'n Pratt?"

"No, I do not. What is it?"

"W'y, dat's de day w'en evahbody s'pose ter know how ter write dere name, an' I wants ter hab one right yere in Greenbow. Is you gwine he'p me, Cap'n Pratt?"

"Yes, Rufus, I'll help you with the

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Unlettered Day. But I can't do it this week. You see, I've just got home, and I must have some rest; besides, I'm to speak next week at the Masonic Hall, and it will take me some time to get out what I want to say."

"You'se gwine speak at de Masonic Hall next week?" asked Rufus, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the Captain.

"Please, suh, Cap'n Pratt, er—er—er—please, suh, won't yer drop in two th'ee words foh us cullud people yere in Greenbow?"

"Yes, I will, Rufus. What shall I say?"

"Tell dem 'bout de Unlettered Day dat we wants to have."

"Well," said Captain Pratt, "you'll have to tell me what to say; and if it's good stuff I'll say it. Come on, let's hear what you want me to tell our white folks."

"Is you gwine tell dem whut I tells you, suh?" inquired Rufus.

"Well—well—well, yes," returned the Captain, sharply. "Go on, let's hear what you've got to say."

"Dis," began Rufus, slowly, "is whut I wants you ter tell de w'ite folks uv Greenbow. Tell dem dat we cullud folks yere in Greenbow is gwine hab a Unlettered Day, an' we wants de w'ite folks ter he'p us wid it."

"How're the white people going to help your people with an Unlettered Day? What do you mean, Rufus?" demanded Captain Pratt.

"Er—er—er, wait a minute, Cap'n," pleaded Rufus. "Wait a minute. I'se gwine 'splain it all right now. You see," continued the Negro, "de Unlettered Day jes' mean dat evahbody's gwine know how ter write dat day. An' yere's how it kin be done. We's gwine ax all de w'ite folk whut got cooks, fiel' han's, driver, an' sich—we's gwine ax you foh ter l'arn us how ter write us name. An' I betcha, fo' you know it, the whole uv Greenbow will be writin', cuz de Army, it l'arn me how ter write my name in two weeks, an' I know you w'ite folk yere in Greenbow kin do de same thing ef you'll jes' try.

"We'll try it, and we'll do it," promised Captain Pratt. "That's a good scheme, and if we can get the white people to approve it I see a new day in education for you people." And with this promise Captain Pratt left Rufus and went into the house, where he told Mrs. Pratt of the unusual conversation which he had just had with the young Negro. "He's got a mighty good scheme in his head," said the Captain, "and I'm going to help him push it through."

The resolution was made to help Rufus, and no more was said about the Unlettered Day until Captain Pratt was ready to make his speech at the Masonic Hall. Rufus drove the Pratts over to the hall, but, instead of letting him go back home and return for them later, as was the custom, Captain Pratt asked him to come inside and wait until the meeting was over. Rufus was overjoyed with the invitation to stay, for he wanted to hear what the Captain was going to say about the Unlettered Day. The hall was full, but Rufus pushed inside and found enough standing room in the rear to accommodate him. Of course no objection was raised to his presence. He was the speaker's handy-man, and known all around Greenbow as a "good nigger."

Finally the time came for Captain Pratt to begin his address. Instantly the house became noiseless, and for one hour the speaker charmed his audience with thrilling tales of battle. Gradually he prepared his listeners for the Unlettered Day scheme by telling them of the heroic deeds performed by the Negroes. His most gripping tale was the story of how he led his black boys over the top, and how on two occasions their daring deeds had saved him from instant death.

At this point the Captain said: "My friends, all over Europe black men were fighting unselfishly for you and me. And I believe," he continued, "the time has come when we must reward them for their service. Our black brothers must have a chance. They have proved true on every occasion, and we can no longer deny those privileges which they so justly deserve. Here in Greenbow we have for Negroes just a one-room school, which is open only three months during the year. Recent experience with Negro troops has convinced me that the South is doing itself a cruel injustice by educating one part of its population and leaving the other part in ignorance. We must," shouted the speaker, emphatically, "educate the Negro if we would make him a better citizen. Illiteracy must go, and we are going to strike our first blow right here in Greenbow. Rufus, come to the front. Here, good friends," said the Captain, "is a man that Greenbow let—that I let—grow up ignorant, and we sent him off to France not knowing how to write his own name. Yet on the battlefield he faced volley after volley of shot and shell, and never was he heard to utter a complaint. He has given the best that was in him to keep Old Glory from trailing the dust."

"Open up your shirt, Rufus," demanded the Captain. The Negro obeyed, and horrified the audience by showing them a scar which ran the whole width of his chest. It was an everlasting mark of the Boche. "This man," continued Captain Pratt, "received the ugly wound which you now see while fighting for you and me. For his bravery he was awarded the Croix de Guerre—an honor of which I almost envy him. But surely no one in the audience will envy this black son of freedom because he is given an opportunity to make himself a better citizen."

Captain Pratt concluded this dramatic part of his plea by asking those in the audience who were opposed to giving the Negro a fair chance to make it known by standing. Not one person stood. Having received no opposition to his proposal, the Captain now concluded his address by outlining the plan of the Unlettered Day. Briefly, it was this. Every white person who employed Negroes in any capacity was asked to make a special effort to see that such Negroes were taught how to read and write their own names. This plan was not only readily accepted, but the justice of the peace, who had not heretofore been friendly toward the Negroes of Greenbow, rose and said: "Let's make this thing interesting. I'll give the person two shoats who can teach his nigger how to write the best 'hand.'"

"No," interrupted the sheriff, "I'll tell yer a still bettah scheme. S'pose yer give yo' shoats ter the nigger whut kin learn ter write the best 'hand.'"

"Good scheme," said the Captain. That ought to make your contest a pretty lively affair."

The sheriff's plan for holding the contest was accepted, and the meeting closed with the agreement that July 4 be set aside as the Unlettered Day. At this time it was planned to have all the illiterate Negroes in Greenbow meet at an appointed place and demonstrate their ability to write their own names.

When Captain Pratt came out of the hall, he found Rufus in an ecstasy of delight. "Well, suh, Cap'n," he said as he started up the automobile, "you'se sho' done tol' dem w'ite folks 'bout de Unlettered Day. Whut you say soun' jes' lak good testimony f'om a preacher."

"Yes, I've done my part, Rufus; now what are you going to do?"

"Who? Me—whut I'se gwine do? Gwine right straight ter Deacon Johnson chu'ch Sunday foh ter tell my people ter git ready foh de Unlettered Day."

Now was an opportune time for Rufus to give Deacon Johnson's church that long-promised talk on France; and in the meantime he could work in the plan of the Unlettered Day. Arrangements were made with the deacon, who in turn made arrangements with his pastor for Rufus's appearance. The minister was glad to have him come, so Sunday found the young Negro facing the largest crowd that had ever gathered in the Greenbow Baptist Church. Rufus followed the plan of Captain Pratt's talk—first, straight war experiences, and then the plan of the Unlettered Day. The climax of his speech was reached when he told how, in spite of his earnest efforts, he had been pushed back because he could neither read nor write his own name. "But, thang God," he shouted, joyfully, "dat Y. M. C. A. done l'arn me how ter write my name, an' dey's tol' me how ter he'p de people right yere in Greenbow, an' I'se come back home foh ter do it. How many wants ter l'arn how ter write deir names?" Four-fifths of the hands went up. Then he told them of the big meeting held at the Masonic Hall; how Captain Pratt had put the Unlettered Day proposition before the white people of Greenbow; how they had enthusiastically received it and promised to give their support; and, finally, how the Negroes should take advantage of the opportunity. These were the main points brought out in the last part of Rufus's talk to his people. The audience was much impressed by this vision of the brighter day. The pastor, himself a man just above the

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water-line of illiteracy, took up the matter at once. "I doan know much," he said, "but whut little I'se got I'se willin' ter he'p some otah pusson up wid it. An' so fuh ez I'se concern', I'se head over heel in dis Unlettered Day plan."

Conceived by an oversea hero, approved by the white citizens of Greenbow as well as the entire congregation of the Baptist church, the Unlettered Day was now an assured success. The contest was launched, and from the beginning interest was at fever heat. Every illiterate Negro in Greenbow started out with two very definite objects in view—to learn how to write and to win the two shoats. Even Aunt Miranda got into the contest. She was sixty-five years old, but believed her chance for learning and winning was as good as that of the youngest person in the contest.

"Co'se I kin l'arn how ter write," she said, "an' I stan' jes' much show ter git dem shoats ez de younges' pusson in Greenbow. My boy Rufus ain' gwine try foh de shoats, 'ca'se he done l'arn how ter write in de Army. But I'se gwine ax him foh to knock my rough p'ints off, an' den I'se gwine ter Mrs. Pratt foh ter finish up in writin'."

Rufus taught his mother the elements of writing, and then she went to Mrs. Pratt to complete her course. Meanwhile the congregation of the Baptist church, landowners, housewives—all were working at top speed to have some particular Negro among their group write the best "hand," and thereby win the two shoats.

At last July 4—the final day of the contest—came, and for the first time in the history of the little town the colored and white people had met together on a common ground for a common good. A large oak grove which was used as a picnic ground for the white people of Greenbow was the delightful spot chosen for the occasion. A large score-board used during baseball games furnished all the blackboard that was necessary. Interested friends who had taught the illiterates how to write their names made up the audience, while Captain Pratt, the sheriff, and the justice of the peace formed a unique examining board. Everywhere there were evidences of the Unlettered Day. At one end of the blackboard, on a raised platform, stood the two shoats. They were finely decorated with blue ribbons and followed the contest with an almost human intelligence. But most impressive of all was that silent line of Negroes who stood patiently waiting in the hot July sun—waiting for the time when they should pass before the large blackboard and for the first time in public scribble their own names. Captain Pratt gave the signal, and the line began to move. One by one they passed before the huge blackboard, each stopping just long enough to scribble his or her name. Finally the board was full, but there was still a long line anxiously awaiting their turn. The judges, therefore, took note of the best "hands," gave Rufus the signal to erase the board, and soon another part of the line were writing their names. This method was continued until the last section was ready to pass in review. And the old adage, "The last shall be first," seemed to hold true in this contest, for in almost every case the last writers were the best writers. Now interest was running high, and every Negro in this last group who wrote his name received an almost deafening applause. But the real climax of the Unlettered Day was not reached until one old gray-haired woman—the last person in the final section—walked up to the board and wrote in a clear, bold hand: "*Miranda Jones, Greenbow.*" It was Rufus's mother, and she, like her son, had suddenly become a celebrity. The wild cheering of the crowd left no question in the judges' minds as to who had won the shoats, and so without further hesitation Captain Pratt announced that Aunt Miranda was the best writer in Greenbow, and was therefore entitled to the pigs.

The contest over, the pastor of the Greenbow Baptist Church offered a prayer of thanksgiving, after which the Negroes made the hills ring with "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder." And thus ended the Unlettered Day. But there was a lasting impression made on the people of Greenbow by this contest. The white people realized as never before that the Negroes really wanted to learn, while the Negroes themselves were brought face to face with the first liberal opportunity that the little town had ever offered. And incidentally, though not in the original plan, the Unlettered Day meeting brought the white people of this village face to face with the fact that there were also many illiterates right among their own number. Thus they discovered that in helping the Negroes up they were also helping themselves.

Now in Greenbow there is a new era of progress. Racial good will is growing; everybody has learned how to read and write; the Negroes have a larger school and a longer term, their children are encouraged to study; crops are planted and harvested more promptly, and the little Southern town has gone on record as favoring a new dawn of freedom for all.

III—THE WAR AND RACE FEELING

BY E. E. MILLER

THE recent race riots in Washington and Chicago show that white men and black men have not yet learned how to live peaceably together in the United States. They must learn if chaos is not to come.

The Negroes responded to the country's war call with splendid willingness and whole-heartedness. They made good as soldiers. As soldiers, too, they were praised and honored and showered with attentions, some of which must have been startlingly new to many of them.

It would not be at all strange if all the praise and favor they received, all the new consciousness of their own importance, should "go to the head" of many Negro soldiers. In some cases it did.

One night in a street car in this city a young Negro in uniform walked forward in the car and took a seat among the white people. The conductor went to him and told him to sit in one of the seats reserved for his race. He refused, saying that a man who had to go to France and fight for the country ought to have a right to sit where he pleased. A policeman was called and the soldier arrested.

Such incidents have not been as numerous as many feared, but they have been sufficiently numerous to make it clear that many Negro soldiers have resentment in their hearts over being denied certain privileges that white men possess. They feel—perhaps inevitably feel—that if they were equally called on to fight when the country was in danger they should be equally privileged when the country is safe. Right now race feeling in the South is more bitter than for years.

There are deeper and more serious reasons for this feeling, of course, than any new idea of their own importance which the young Negroes may have acquired while in the Army. For one thing, few white people, I am convinced, realize the intensity with which the average Negro resents the frequent lynchings of Negroes in the South.

Something over a year ago a Negro in this State shot two white men. He was chased two or three days by a mob, caught, taken to the scene of his crime, tortured, and burned. During all this time neither the county nor the State officials made any effort either to take or to protect him. I was on the train on which he was carried by the mob to the place of execution. He had been shot and was unable to sit up, but wherever the train stopped a crowd came to look at him. At the station where the longest stop was made a number of Negroes in the gathering stood in little groups by themselves, silent or sullenly muttering, the strained faces of too many of them telling plainly the feelings they dared not put into words. I shall not soon forget the face of one woman—one of the race's stronger, more intelligent faces. It told of suffering, of anger, and of a hopelessness more bitter than either. It was at once tragic and ominous.

A little while ago there was a lynching in another State after another protracted chase by an infuriated mob. The Governor of that State, too, sat inert while the man hunt was carried on half-way across the State, saying that the inevitable must happen. I wrote a little editorial, saying

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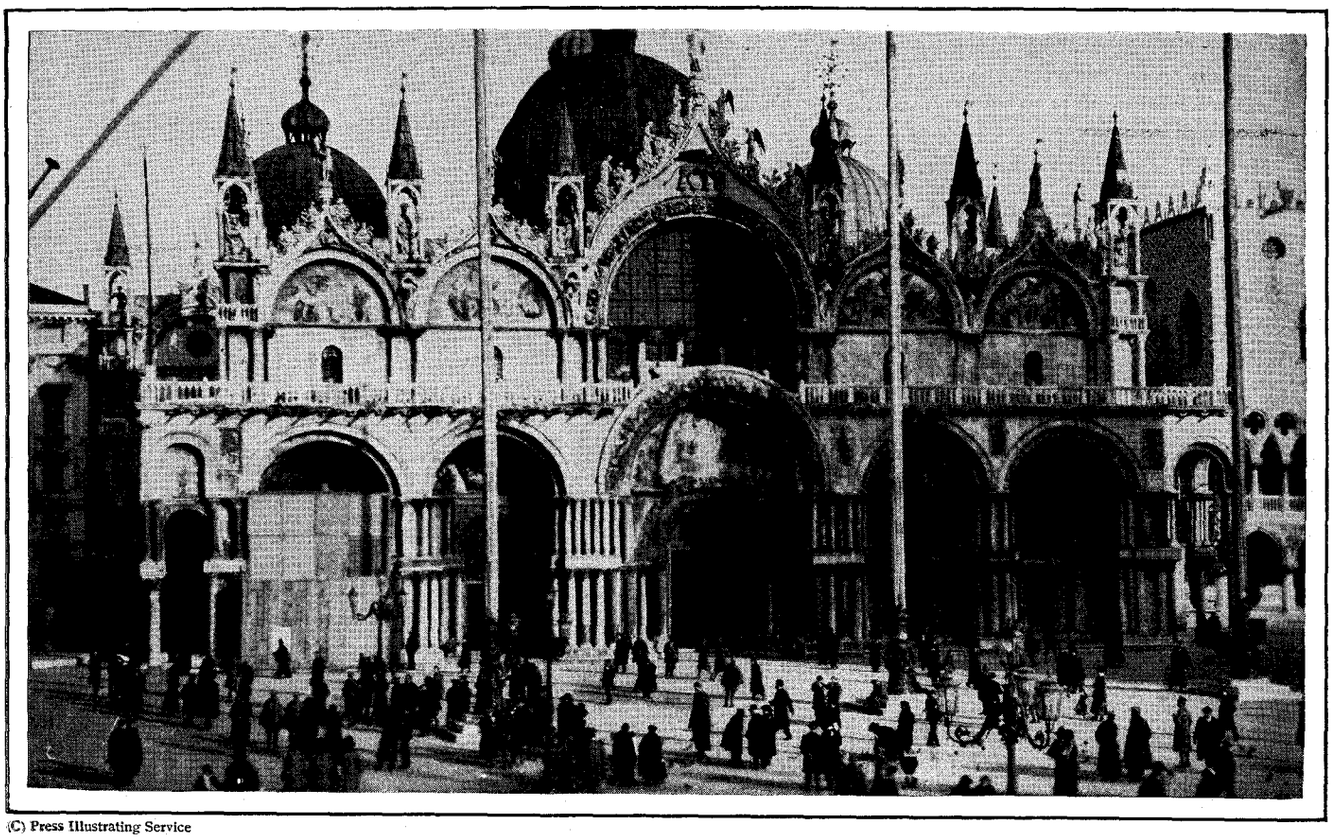
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



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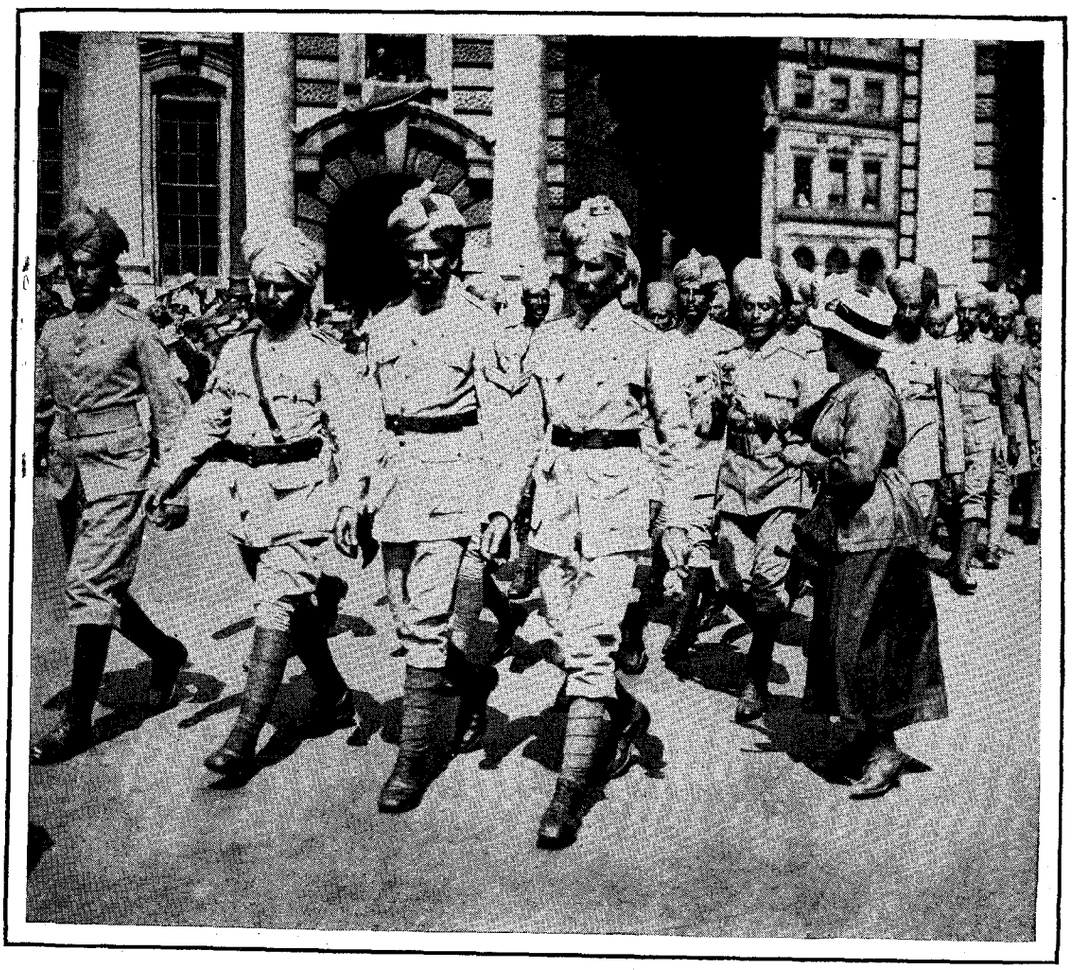
VENICE ITSELF AGAIN—THE FAMOUS SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S RESUMING ITS NORMAL APPEARANCE

This famous square, in front of St. Mark's Cathedral, was barricaded and the surrounding buildings protected by sand-bags during the war, when the city was in constant danger of destruction by air raids. It now again wears its familiar aspect



Central News Photo Service

EAST INDIAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF *LONDON*

These fine-looking men do credit to the "far-flung battle line" of the British Empire. The photograph was taken at the moment when a sympathetic admirer went forward to present some flowers to the men

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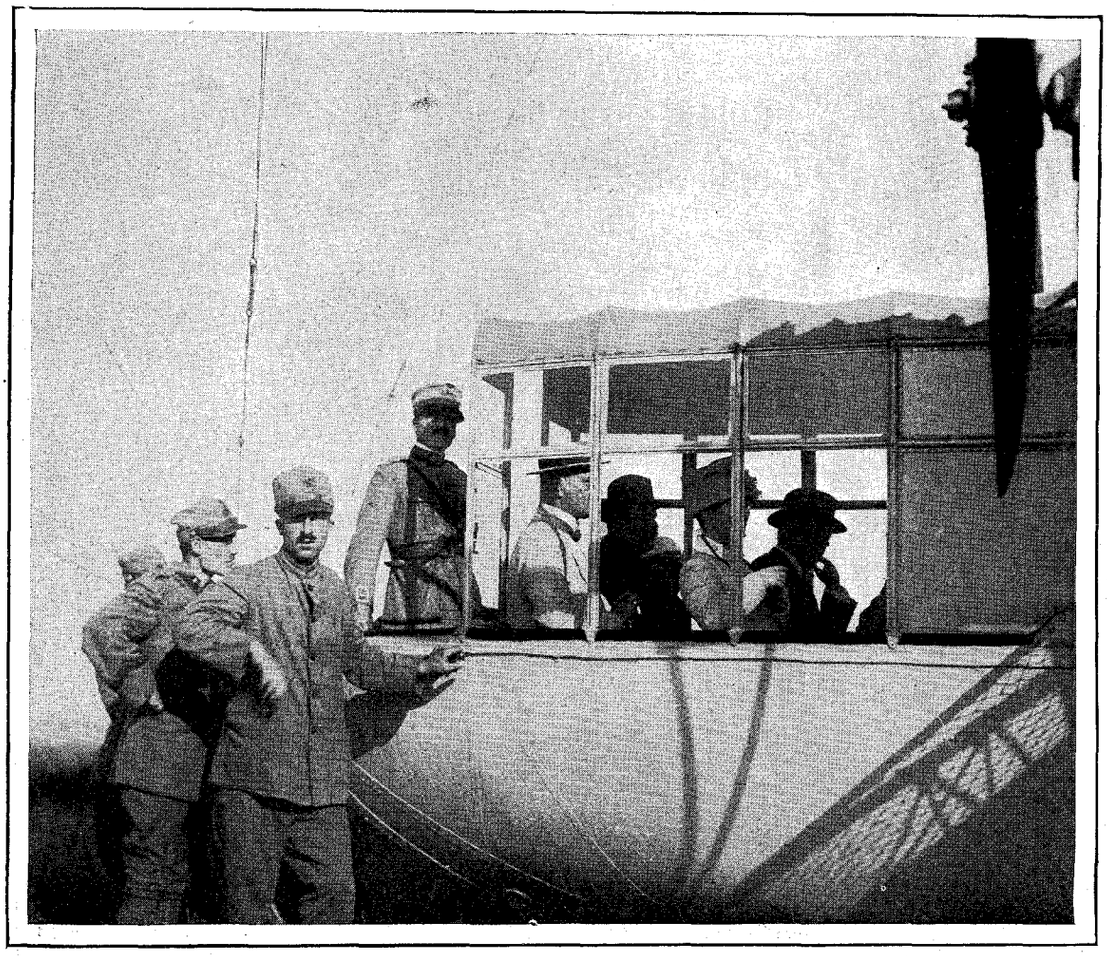
Paul Thompson

A SALE OF ARMY RATIONS IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN NEW YORK CITY

The policeman is arranging the goods sent by the Government for sale at cost, while some of the prospective buyers are grouped around



Western Newspaper Union

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PASSENGER-CARRYING DIRIGIBLE

The picture shows the "gondola" or passenger-carrying equipment of a dirigible plying between Milan and another Italian city

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(C) Harris & Ewing

PATRICK McLANE, LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER, NOW A MEMBER OF CONGRESS

Patrick McLane was born in Ireland in 1875, and came as a child to Scranton; worked in the coal mines for ten years; served a year in the U. S. Army; was on the city School Board for eight years; is a locomotive engineer by occupation, and while so employed was elected by 201 votes over his Republican opponent at the last election. He is married and has eight children

Press Illustrating Service

SAMUEL GOMPERS, LABOR LEADER, ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA

Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, was born in England in 1850. He became a cigar-maker, and even as a boy was connected with the efforts to organize the working people. With the intermission of one year he has been President of the American Federation of Labor since 1882. He has just returned from a visit to Europe

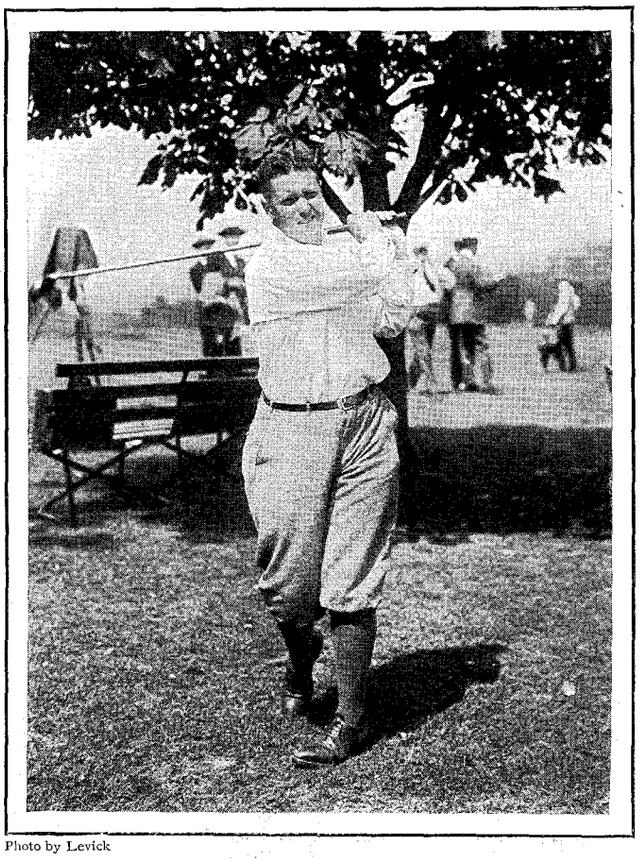

Photo by Levick

S. DAVIDSON HERRON, THE NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF AMERICA

The new champion is only twenty-two years old. He is from Pittsburgh. "Never before in the history of the national amateur," says a critic of the game, "had a golfer so little known nationally as Herron won the title"

(C) Underwood & Underwood

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ, MME. POINCARÉ, AND KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM AT LIEGE

The President of France (left), his wife (right), and King Albert (center) are pictured while listening to an address by the Burgomaster of Liège. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth expect to visit this country soon

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plainly what I thought about the officials who thus performed their duty. The day it came out a Negro whom I should not have thought of as either reading the paper or speaking to me of what he read came by to say it was "mighty good." He evidently thought of me as a personal friend, because I had spoken a word for the most elementary justice for his race.

Negroes do feel strongly the injustice of mob law, and they feel it as an injustice to their race rather than to the individuals lynched. They know that, while white men are occasionally lynched, most mob victims are Negroes. They cannot but feel that they are lynched as much because they are Negroes as because they are criminals, and they are coming to resent it all with more and more bitterness. If lynchings are allowed to continue in the South and lynchers to go unpunished, there will be racial clashes here worse than anything the South has ever known.

A third cause of bad racial feeling is the denial of the ballot to the Negro.

There is no longer any question that the wholesale enfranchisement of the Negroes was a calamity to the blacks as well as to the whites. The Negro's welfare was not served by turning him loose with a ballot he could not intelligently use. The South was justified in taking it away from him, unjust and objectionable as were some of the means employed to do it. But there is another side to this question. There cannot be a subject caste in a democracy. Either the subjects must become free or the democracy must cease to be. Because most Negroes cannot now vote intelligently it does not follow that all Negroes should be kept from voting. If it is desirable that the voter have understanding, it is also desirable, if the principles of democracy be true, that understanding have a vote.

When the ballot was taken from the Negroes in one State after another, they resented it less than might have been expected. The less intelligent did not realize what the ballot meant; the more intelligent must have known that the race had really misused the ballot to its own hurt. Things have changed since then. Now a considerable body of Negroes feel that they have earned the right to vote and can vote intelligently. They are not patient over being kept from voting. The war has added to their impatience. Because they know that many white people object to the Negro as a voter not because he is unqualified but because he is a Negro, because it seems to be the policy of the white South to have just as few Negro voters as possible and to keep the race politically helpless, racial feeling increases.

The white South is clearly and dangerously wrong here. The hordes of illiterate Negroes will not be turned into the voting-places, but the Negro who has acquired the knowledge that will enable him to vote intelligently must be allowed to vote. More—he should be welcomed as a voter. The people of the South owe it to themselves and to the democratic faith they profess to make the Negro who has acquired an education feel that they are glad to have him speak through the ballot for himself and his race. More than this, they owe it to themselves and to their country to give him every reasonable opportunity to prepare himself to vote. Anything less on their part is a stultification of our whole theory of government.

The eagerness of so many Negroes to acquire an education, or to have their children educated, is at once a pathetic and a heartening thing. Denied the rights of citizenship because they are ignorant, they have set themselves with splendid purpose to the acquisition of knowledge. The progress of the race along educational lines is nothing short of marvelous. Here, again, the whites are not playing fair in all respects, and the Negroes are resenting it. Some of us are still openly saying that it spoils the Negro to educate him. Some few—shame to say—prefer to keep him ignorant and shiftless and untrustworthy, that he may be the more helpless economically as well as politically. Where we have spent $10.32 for the education of each white child, we have spent only $2.89 for the education of each colored child. In counties with many Negroes the appropriation for the black children is often less. Often little effort is made to enforce the attendance laws so far as they apply to Negro children. Provisions for the training of Negro teachers are lamentably inadequate in every Southern State. Knowledge of all these things cannot make the Negro feel more friendly toward the white race which so largely controls his future.

Still another constant source of friction between the races is found in the "Jim Crow laws." To the Negro of a certain quality of mind it is an intolerable thing that he is not allowed to eat in a room with white people, to sit in the best seat in the theater, to ride where he chooses on the trolley or the railway train.

Here the Negro is clearly wrong. The Negro is an American citizen entitled to the protection of the laws, to justice in the courts and in his business dealings, to the exercise of a citizen's privileges on the same terms as other citizens, to a fair chance and a fair start in life for his children. Justice demands these things for him; but justice does not demand for either race the privilege of crowding itself upon the other race. Recent events have shown that in the North as well as in the South it is for the real welfare of both races that the lines of social cleavage be distinctly drawn and that each race keep to its own side of the line. The Jim Crow laws, for all the unwisdom with which they are occasionally administered, are, on the whole, wise social regulations. The distinction between them and the denial to the Negro of any real right is plain to any one who will consider for but a moment. To say that an illiterate white man may vote while an illiterate Negro may not is plainly to put the Negro at a disadvantage. To say that each race shall have its place in a street car and keep in that place deprives neither of any natural or legal right.

Once the Negro is made to feel that the white man means to deal justly with him, he, too, can be made to see that there is in the social separation of the races only good for both. He will not be likely to see it, however, as long as he thinks of this enforced separation along with his children's lack of school opportunity, his own enforced absence from the voting-place, and his race's insecure hold upon the legal protections which every American is supposed to possess.

Nashville, Tennessee.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF MEXICO

BY ARTHUR CONSTANTINE

ALWAYS fascinating Mexico makes another picture entirely when you take the trouble to check up the headlines and the old residents with the accurately gathered and compiled official information of our own Government organizations. The truth is, as the returns demonstrate beyond argument, that Mexico is already so far along the comeback path that commercially the landmarks of the often-referred-to other epochs of that country's history have been left behind the horizon.

From every conceivable standpoint, and especially because Mexico is a member of the Pan-American family and a next-door neighbor, it is altogether worth while to do that country—and ourselves—the justice to get the facts about her straight and from dependable sources, and in these post-war days, for commercial if for no higher reasons, to perceive clearly and adequately the lay of the land.

And it is stupid, after all, to be sentimental in our attitude, because the 1918 restricted import list, available for Mexico and everybody else to read, revealed our dependence on the rich storehouse south of the Rio Grande—to be specific, on its sisal and oil, to say nothing of its copper, silver, lead, and zinc. And the first two and the fourth continue to be in demand as never before. And with all respect for the markets of Argentina and Brazil, Mexico is potentially the greatest of all the Latin-American markets for the post-war surplus manufactures of the United States.

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It is pertinent right here to call attention to the 1918 balance of trade in favor of Mexico, as indicating the increasing purchasing power of the Republic—an unprecedented total, in round numbers, of $61,000,000.

The significant picture of rapidly developing prosperity that Mexico presents in the official data of the Department of Commerce, as contrasted with the impressionistic reports of amateur observers and the headlines of smelly despatches that operate to show Mexico still floundering in chaos—this other picture of Mexico may be sketched in the following summary of the trade between the two countries:

By years.	Imports.	Exports.	Balance.
1918...	$256,782,029	$158,937,393	$97,844,636
1917...	241,356,310	130,526,935	110,829,375
1916...	159,336,063	105,065,780	54,270,283
Looking back—			
1913...	$129,929,571	$81,877,434	$48,052,137
1912...	132,847,081	76,767,931	56,079,150
1911...	110,766,029	57,311,622	53,454,407

And with reference to the situation in Mexico, the Department of Commerce reports further show the following for the calendar year of 1918:

Mexico led all countries exporting to the United States such essential raw materials as sisal, silver, oil, lead, and zinc; and stood second in copper bars, ingots, and pigs, and third in hides. All the sisal, oil, lead, zinc, and four-fifths of the silver that the United States required to import in a year of unprecedented restrictions on the movement of commodities into this country came from Mexico. The imports of silver, unincluded in the table above, totaled the unequaled mark of $51,017,055, an increase over the 1917 total of $19,030,867, and over the pre-revolutionary high mark, that of 1912, of $21,319,650. The copper produced in Mexico and sent to the United States made new history in that important American-controlled enterprise there. It attained a total of $34,320,501—four or five times the average for any pre-revolutionary period. During the latter part of the year Mexican copper challenged Canadian for second place, and shortly after the end of the war did indeed succeed in ousting the northern rival.

The story of the renascence of Mexico is succinctly revealed by the amazing 1918 totals, altogether unapproached at any other time in the history of that country's trade relations with this country, for our four principal purchases from her storehouse. They are, in round numbers:

Sisal, $52,000,000	Copper, $34,000,000
Silver, 51,000,000	Oil . . . 21,090,000

There they are, in the order of their value, and two of them—sisal and silver—stand in the group of the leading twelve articles that the United States finds it necessary to obtain from other countries. It may perhaps surprise many persons having an interest in the Mexican topic to perceive that the much-talked-of petroleum occupies fourth instead of first place in Mexico's industrial relations with the United States. In all probability Mexican oil will in another year become, in value as well as in other respects, the first of the notable list of products of that Republic.

Approximately one-third of the expanding trade between this country and Mexico was carried, as usual, via the border. Despite the acute ship shortage that prevailed during the fourth year of the war, the other two-thirds of the quarter of a billion dollars' business was waterborne. In fact, the Department of Commerce reports for 1918 show increased clearances and entrances of vessels in trade with the United States for only two countries in this hemisphere. One of these countries was Chile—we needed her nitrate for ammunitions and fertilizer. The other was Mexico.

If any further official facts need be cited to present an entirely different picture of Mexico than the headlines and the amateur observers continue to give, they are at hand and as conclusive as the dollar display from the Department of Commerce reports, if not more so. The following information about our trade with Mexico is taken from a most carefully compiled report issued under date of April 1, 1919, by the Division of Planning and Statistics of the United States Shipping Board. It was prepared under the direction of Mr. Walter S. Tower, the Director of the Division of Planning and a recognized authority on Latin America. It requires no explanation. Here is what it reveals:

During the fiscal year 1918 our imports from Mexico totaled 5,714,360 long tons. In 1914 they totaled 2,555,907 long tons. (There are only dollar totals for the years prior to 1914, but all such totals fall short of those for 1914. So it is fair to assume that 1914 weight totals likewise led all predecessors.)

Mexico's export trade with the United States is thus shown to have increased both in quantity and in value more than one hundred per cent since 1914. Only one other import trade, that with the Far East, approximated the Mexican advance. And only one trade region in the world showed for 1918 a higher weight total than that of Mexico—Canada, 9,098,218 long tons.

Only one other Latin-American country, Chile, made such a proportionate gain, and in actual quantity Chile's gain fell short of Mexico's by more than one million tons. The report of the Division of Planning and Statistics of the Shipping Board reveals, indeed, the truly amazing fact that Mexican exports to the United States in 1918 exceeded those of South America by a million and a quarter long tons. The totals for South America were 3,552,516 long tons. And whereas Mexico's business with the United States, as measured by the weight of it—incidentally perhaps the most accurate measurement possible—increased 123 per cent; that of South America, notwithstanding our war-time need for Chilean nitrate, Argentine wool and hides, and Brazilian manganese and coffee, increased but 89 per cent. And in further interesting contrast with the Mexican betterment, the much-advertised West Indies trade fell off nearly a half million long tons, or about ten per cent. It totaled nearly a million and three-quarter tons less than the Mexican trade.

Obviously, such indisputable evidence of a heavy movement of products from Mexico to this country carries its own refutation of the stereotyped tales of Mexican industrial and transportational paralysis that so often serve still to lighten up the returned traveler's impressions of that Republic. The data of the Shipping Board studies, based on unassailable official returns, simply checks them up to the contrary.

And here, in the following brief table, may be compressed the oil story of the so-called Mexican situation—figures that anybody may locate in the December, 1918, summary by the Department of Commerce of the imports and exports of the United States:

Imports of crude oil from Mexico—

	Gallons.	Value.
1915 . .	734,095,839	$9,760,839
1916 . .	845,277,611	11,775,377
1917 . .	1,257,207,642	16,137,130
1918 . .	1,583,529,535	21,299,074

To present figures for the years preceding 1915 is quite unnecessary, because they were less than any given above; and they are especially not worth mentioning in comparison with the enormous present-day movement of 4,000,000 barrels a month from Mexico to the United States. It is pertinent to add in this connection that the largest tanker fleet in the world is that which now operates between Tampico, Tuxpam, Port Lobos, and the ports of the United States engaged in bringing Mexican oil to profitable markets. The records of the United States Shipping Board, as of April 1, 1919, list in that service 41 tankers of 223,049 gross tons—a fleet that exceeds by nearly forty thousand gross tons all the tankage in the American merchant marine at the outbreak of the world war.

In the light of the foregoing easily available official data about things Mexican, it is a test of one's intelligence to be expected to take seriously the generalities that pass current for truth about the conditions in that country. Those who indulge in the pastime, either from force of habit or less defensible reasons, simply fail to inform themselves. By and by they may wake to the realization that they have fallen out of step with the times, that they belong to a past generation, like the folks who are forever talking about the good old days.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY[1]

THERE is a story of an old darky preacher who began his sermon with the words, "Brederen and sisteren, it am mah task to-day to define de undefinable, describe de undescribable, and to unscrew de unscrutable."

The task which Professor Lowes set for himself when he began his "Convention and Revolt in Poetry" was of almost similar magnitude to that of the darky preacher.

To define poetry, describe its attributes, and delve deep into the inscrutable mystery of its creation, to measure its ebb and flow down the centuries of its existence as a living factor in our English tongue—this is no light task for any man. To accomplish this task and to state the conclusions of such an excursion into hidden things clearly, humorously, and humanely is a feat deserving of the highest praise. And this Professor Lowes has accomplished.

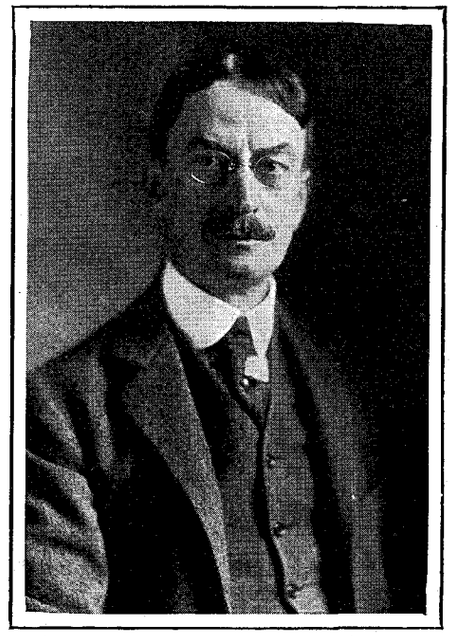
Professor Lowes approaches his task with queries which have baffled many writers to answer. What is convention in poetry? What is revolt? Why does the pendulum necessarily swing between these two extremes? What is the vital and common element in these two apparently contrasting forces? What have insurgents added to the sphere of poetry? What have the conservatives really conserved?

It is not the intention of the reviewer to repeat at length Professor Lowes's conclusions. His volume is so compact and so logically developed that the task of summarizing it adequately is necessarily too great for the limited space of a weekly journal. The reviewer will have accomplished his purpose if he can persuade his readers to turn to "Convention and Revolt in Poetry" for the answers to these questions and to many others.

To review "Convention and Revolt in Poetry" is to suffer constant temptation to lengthy quotation. It is quotable almost from start to finish, and the reviewer who followed his natural bent in this direction would doubtless receive a letter from the house of Houghton Mifflin politely inquiring whether or not he had received permission to republish "Convention and Revolt in Poetry" entire. Space must be made, however, for at least a few illustrations of the manner in which Professor Lowes handles the problem before him. Take this quotation, for example, from his chapter on "The Ways of Conventions:"

> The relation in which the *reader* of poetry stands to poetic conventions is radically different from that in which the *poet* stands to them, as he writes. For the poet, the *zest* of the game lies in his adventures among conventions. Shall he clothe himself in them as with a garment? Shall he impose his will upon them until form and content coalesce, and instead of an enveloping integument the conventions become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh? Or shall he grasp their sorry scheme of things entire, shatter it to bits, and then remold it nearer to the heart's desire? The poet, as he writes, must reckon with conventions as the tools of his craft, the medium of his expression, the impediments that thwart his utterance. His relation to them is immediate and exigent and practical. But the reader of poetry is in no such a predicament. . . . To us the old conventions are what the new will one day be—the mold which gives to the very age and body of their time its form and pressure. They represent to us the ways along which beauty has in the past been sought and found, and the very fact that the paths are now deserted and beauty sought no longer where they lead may lend them a peculiar permanence. An Attic drachma minted in the days of Pericles is no less beautiful because it no longer passes current. Yet, on the other hand, the coin that does pass current must bear the image and superscription of its day. There, in a word, is the distinction which there is some danger that we may obliterate. Those who make poetry are intent, and rightly, on molding it in living forms. But so in their day were all the poets who have ever lived, from puny whipsters to supreme creators. And whatever one may think about the writing of poetry, its *enjoyment* demands a sympathetic understanding of conventions, whether alive or dead in the death that is sometimes the only enduring life. Sympathetic understanding means, to be sure, imaginative effort—your true reader of poetry is always a bit of a poet himself—but the game is worth the candle.

In a later chapter Professor Lowes points out the talisman which turns the formal convention into life, the touch which changes the cold ivory into the warm and living flesh of Pygmalion's eternal love:



PROFESSOR JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES, AUTHOR OF "CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY"

> One of the most notorious instances of the mediæval trick of listing things is the so-called Ubi sunt formula. It is a comprehensive and detailed interrogation, on the order of "Where, oh, where are the Hebrew children?" as to the whereabouts of all the ancient worthies:
>
> "Dic, ubi Salomom, olim tam nobilis,
> Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis—"
>
> and so on through an interminable list. . . . The old convention came to life again only the other day, in Illinois:
>
> "Where are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom, and Charley . . .
> Where are Ella, Kate, Mag, Lizzie, and Edith,
> The tender heart, the simple soul, the loud, the proud, the happy one?—
> All, all, are sleeping on the hill. . . ."
>
> But, modern instances aside, the thing with its appalling fecundity dogs one down the Middle Ages in unrelieved monotony. All at once, in France, a supremely gifted poet took it up. He took it up and kept it; but he added one thing—the penetrating beauty of a refrain which fused the dead list into one of the most haunting symbols of human transitoriness:
>
> "Tell me now in what hidden way is
> Lady Flora, the lovely Roman?
> Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
> Neither of them the fairer woman?
> Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
> Only heard on river and mere—
> She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
> *But where are the snows of yester-year?*"

Whether of ballad or sonnet form, the truth still holds—the letter cannot kill until the spirit itself is dead. Form is as vital as the mind which applies it, just as vital and no more. It shackles only those who themselves are spiritually shackled. "Stone walls do not a prison make," nor do the conventions of poetry hamper the poet who is himself free.

Upon his lucid analysis of conventions in poetry Professor Lowes builds his searching study of the aims of those who times without number have assumed to speak with the tongues of rebel angels—most of whom have ended by flinging themselves from the prison of convention into the equally conventional prison of revolt. It is the chapters dealing with the problem of revolt which should be of particular and illuminating interest to all craftsmen of verse, though they are no less of value to the general reader. The two chapters on "The Diction of Poetry" and "Rhyme, Metre, and Vers Libre" form the most striking commentary on the subjects treated therein which it has been our good fortune to read in many moons.

It is the strength of the volume as a whole that its author knows not only the history and mystery of poetry, but that he also knows its relation to life. He sees poetry not as a detached creation, but as the essence of social expression. Perhaps a final quotation from Professor Lowes's last chapter may make this clearer than could any explanation on the part of the reviewer:

> For that which goes to the making of great poetry is, *mutatis mutandis*, the law of the molding of life. . . . Here is the individual, and here the chaotic welter of the life about him. And the object of the artist whose medium is words, and of that other artist whose medium is life, is one: it is to give to the amorphous welter *form*. Carlyle once said of Tennyson: "Alfred is always carrying a bit of chaos around with him, and turning it into cosmos." Well, that is poetry's job, and it is amazingly like the enterprise of life. And one reason why poetry is worthy of the consideration of men and women breathing thoughtful breath, in this return to chaos, is the fact that poetry's essence is also, in a sense that is profoundly true, the goal of life—it is creative energy made effective through restraint. And in these days when a shattered world is to be made over and molded into form and comeliness again, whatever throws into relief the eternal validity of the balance between freedom and restraint, of the belief that the individual is most truly individual when he builds, as individual, upon that which is common to him and to his kind—whatever lays stress on that, is of constructive worth. And that is why, in spite of what has seemed at times the almost unbearable triviality of all but the one overpowering fact, I have still ventured to deal with poetry.

Some one once made a remark to the effect that Mark Hopkins on one end of a log with a boy on the other satisfied his definition of the word "university." To judge from this volume, Professor Lowes is a teacher who would make an admirable

[1] Convention and Revolt in Poetry. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

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addition to such a university, for he is a teacher who knows that the end of life is not learning, but that the end of learning is life. His book is an event.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

Father Tom. Life and Lectures of Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin. By Peter P. McLoughlin. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Life and Letters of William Thomson, Archbishop of York. By Ethel H. Thomson. John Lane, the Bodley Head, London; The John Lane Company, New York. 1919.

William Thomson was born in 1819 and died in 1890, therefore lived during the greater part of the eventful nineteenth century. England was in a ferment; science and religion, Romanism and Protestantism, conservatism and liberalism, feudalism and democracy, were in conflict. From 1862 Dr. Thomson was Archbishop of York. He dreaded universal suffrage, which was giving England, he said, a "constitution brought down to the American level;" yet in an address to workingmen, which might well be recommended to the clergy of to-day as an admirable model, he foretells the time when class in England will be abolished and "all shall stand equal, whatever be the form of government, in the common weal." He had no sympathy with theological liberalism, but as little with the tendencies which took Newman into the Roman Catholic Church; represented reform, but was opposed to any departure from the standards of the Established Church toward either Romanism or liberalism. A man of clear thinking, a spirit of humanity and genuine courage, his letters are interesting reading, especially to the student of English history in the last century.

FICTION

Groper (The). By Henry G. Aikman. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Night Operator (The). By Frank L. Packard. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Off Duty. A Dozen Yarns for Soldiers and Sailors. Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. The Century Company, New York.

Undying Fire (The). By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. H. G. Wells is nothing if not audacious. This book is the story of an English Job who suffers a succession of disasters, is left sick and in prospect of painful death with a discontented wife, and discusses with three irritating friends the problem of sin and suffering, and, like the Hebrew Job, reaches no solution; the one concludes that life is an insoluble mystery, the other that we must meet our troubles with courage. Mr. Wells is not a Dante nor an Æschylus, and his story will not rank with "Job" nor "Prometheus Bound" as one of the great dramas of literature, but it serves to put before modern readers the ever-perplexing problem of life and the not very profound nor very satisfying philosophy of Mr. Wells.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Far East Unveiled (The). By Frederic Coleman, F.R.G.S. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

This book is timely at this moment of discussion concerning Japanese ambitions in China. They are, as here stated, (1) to obtain for the Japanese all possible opportunity to develop China's national resources, and thus to obtain China's raw material for Japan; (2) to secure China as much as possible as a retail market for Japan's manufactured goods; (3) to secure China's advance towards development and power, deprecating its partition, so that China's strength shall be a bulwark to Japan against Occidental aggression; (4) to be anxiously concerned only if Chinese feeling becomes antagonistic. This is all very well, but it hardly covers the entire group of demands made in 1915 by Japan upon China. As to the relations between Japan and America, the author does not believe that war between the two countries is inevitable, and this, first, because the lessons of the great war will cause Japan to draw back from any policy that might smack of Prussian teaching, and, second, because America is now enough awakened sufficiently to arm herself so as to make an attack upon her manifestly foolish.

New State (The). By M. P. Follett. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Self-Government in the Philippines. By Maximo M. Kalaw. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

The present volume should be a help not only to those who want to be informed concerning Philippine developments but also to those who specially appreciate our "experiment in human brotherhood" in the Philippines, no matter whether one agrees or not that the Filipinos can now govern themselves independently of outside assistance. They expect independence for the Philippines as soon as a suitable government can be established, and many of them declare that they have already fulfilled the condition imposed. Many American critics, however, will feel that Mr. Kalaw is unreasonably biased in favor of his people.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Assistance of John A. Selbie, D.D., and John C. Lambert, D.D. Vol. II—Macedonia–Zion, with Indexes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This monumental work is a dictionary in an unfamiliar sense—not of words, but of the doctrines and practices of the Church, its usages in worship, its sacraments, its sufferings, and its attitude to the world at large. Over against articles on Roads and Travel, Trade and Commerce, are those on Persecution, Slavery, War. Doctrinal subjects occupy large room—thirty-eight pages on the Resurrection of Christ, fifty-five on St. Paul and his epistles in alphabetical order. In the exegetical and critical exposition of these themes, and also of Marriage, at times a liberal trend, and again the reverse, is noticeable. Upwards of ninety scholars—European, Canadian, American—have collaborated in this unique and invaluable work.

Next Step in Religion (The). By Roy Wood Sellars, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The object of this writer is to show "that mankind is outgrowing theism in a gentle and steady way until it ceases to have any meaning." He proposes a religion of humanism as a substitute for a religion of theism. His interpretations of the teaching of Paul and of Jesus are founded on either a very partial study of the original documents or on an unquestioning acceptance of interpretations of others. He indulges to a large extent in optimistic prophecies of the beautiful world which will result when men are convinced that there are no more intelligent beings and none of higher moral character than themselves—prophecies which are not sustained by the results of the teaching of the atheist Nietzsche in Germany and the atheist Bakunin in Russia. His book says nothing that will be new to those who are familiar with the writings of such men of the same school as James Cotter Morison and Professor Clifford. But it puts in clear and dogmatic form ideas which exist in misty and questioning form in many lay minds. Its chief if not its sole value will be to religious teachers as an interpretation of one aspect of a perplexed and questioning age which they must understand if they would meet its spiritual needs.

WAR BOOKS

Germany in the War and After. By Vernon Kellogg. The Macmillan Company, New York.

1914. By Field-Marshal Viscount French, of Ypres, K.P., O.M. Preface by Marshal Foch. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

As Marshal Foch reminds us in his preface, General French was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in the year 1914. It was under his orders that the indomitable "contemptibles" held back the German tide long enough to make the victorious battle of the Marne possible, and later fought that critical battle of Ypres which balked the Germans in their attempt to reach the sea. General French tells the story with spirit and dignity. He tells also, and without bitterness, his own part in urging Kitchener and the War Council to hasten the all-essential production of high explosives in quantity, which really led to the formation of a Coalition Government with Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions. General French is justified in saying: "For my unprecedented action I claim that no other course lay open to me. To organize the nation's industrial resources upon a stupendous scale was the only way if we were to continue with success the great struggle which lay before us, and I feel that the result achieved fully warranted the steps I took."

Scenes from Italy's War. By G. M. Trevelyan. With Maps. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Story of the Rainbow Division (The). By Raymond S. Tompkins. With an Introduction by Major-General Charles T. Menoher. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Year in the Navy (A). By Joseph Husband. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

So far as we know, this is the only narrative of a civilian's naval training and actual overseas service. The volume is valuable both because it instructs us as to our Navy and also because it is a graphic story of adventure abroad. The chapter entitled "The Freight Convoy" is specially worth reading.

MISCELLANEOUS

Robbia Heraldry. By Allan Marquand. Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology. The Princeton University Press, Princeton.

It is pleasant to reflect, as one turns over the pages of this beautiful book, that such contributions to the history of art may now again be seen in increasing numbers as the memory of the great war happily becomes indistinct. Professor Marquand's monograph on the Robbia coats of arms, with its many illustrations, appeals to us primarily as a fine testimony to the genius of the Robbias and an interesting contribution to the history of Italy and of Italian art; incidentally it will be of value to the student of heraldry.

Sample Case of Humor (A). By Strickland Gillilan. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

Vacation Tramps in New England Highlands. By Allen Chamberlain. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Vocational Agricultural Education. By Rufus W. Stimson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

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Based on The Outlook of September 3, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Japan in a Changing World.
Reference: Pages 15–18.
Questions:

1. From what Mr. Mason says in his interview with Prince Yamagata describe in your own words the sort of man the Prince is and discuss the ideals which appear to actuate him. 2. Tell, with reasons, whether you would care to have the Prince your next-door neighbor. 3. Make a list of the historical, political, military, and civil facts you find in this article about Japan. 4. Give a brief account of the causes, the principal events, and the results of the 1877 civil war in Japan. 5. Summarize in similar manner the war of 1888–9 between Japan and China. 6. Tell the story of the transformation of Japan into a modern nation. Do you find, as Mr. Mason suggests, that Japan's progress in the last fifty years has been wonderful? 7. Make several comparisons between the Japanese and the Chinese. 8. Prince Yamagata says several things about China. Tell what you think of his comments. 9. Outline a policy which you think it would be well for Japan to follow in the future and give reasons for the suggestions you make. 10. Name several lessons in Japanese history for the United States. 11. You will find valuable material for this topic in the following books: "Japan to America," by Naoichi Masaoka (Putnams); "Japan or Germany," by F. Coleman (Doran); "Modern and Contemporary European History," by J. S. Schapiro (Houghton Mifflin); "The Evolution of Japan," by J. H. Langford (Cambridge University Press)

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Actors' Strike.
Reference: Pages 11, 12.
Questions:

1. For what reasons are the actors striking (see The Outlook, August 20 and 27, 1919)? Do you think their demands just and reasonable? 2. Tell why the employing managers are opposed to the demands of the actors and actresses. 3. With which side do you sympathize? Give your reasons. 4. Discuss whether collective bargaining and the collective protest are *necessary* factors in modern industry. 5. Do you think fathers and mothers ought to allow their children to attend theaters? Tell why or why not. 6. Explain how we come to have the theater. Did it originate in the church? 7. Give reasons for believing or not believing that society would be better off if all theaters and theatrical performances were done away with. 8. Discuss whether preachers and school-teachers should attend the theater.

B. Topic: The High Cost of Living; Increase Production; Government Regulation of Prices; Better and Cheaper Milk; To Every One His Due; The Housewife and the High Cost of Living.
Reference: Pages 5, 6; 9, 10; 13–15.
Questions:

1. Give as many reasons as you can for the high cost of living. 2. After reading carefully all of the references given for this topic and other material on it, give a summary of the ways of reducing the cost of living that have been suggested. 3. Discuss the soundness of the President's solution of the high cost of living problem. 4. Is it right to blame the Government at Washington for the high prices? Reasons. There are those who believe that the price of wheat regulates everything else. Is this an exaggeration? Discuss at length. 5. Give numerous illustrations of how *consumers* themselves may boost prices. 6. In a recent issue the Chicago "Tribune" discussed "The High Cost of Strikes." Write an editorial of your own on this topic. 7. Are employees or workmen more to blame for the prevalence of strikes? Give proof of what you say. 8. Is the strike a fit weapon with which to fight the high cost of living? Discuss at length. 9. Some cities are saying that the time has come for "the long-suffering public to cease playing the rôle of innocent bystander while employer and employee fight out their differences." Can "the long-suffering public" do anything about this matter? If so, what? 10. Discuss whether it would be wise and just for the American Government to place an embargo on certain necessities, such as leather, wheat, and building materials, in order to reduce high prices in America. 11. What is the proposition suggested by Mary Doane Shelby? Discuss it thoroughly.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. The supremacy of a few particular powers is conducive of true peace. 2. The Federal Government should own and control all cold storage plants.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for September 3, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Publicist (16); capitalism (17); theater, sedulous (11); *pro rata, quid pro quo, sine qua non* (12); "highbrow," nationalization of coal mines (5).

"The more I see of the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Mikado, the better I am content with democracy."
—Theodore Roosevelt.

HE was President when he wrote that on June 16, 1905, in a letter to Senator Lodge—one of the 150,000 letters "which *are* his talk" and which he wrote from the White House.

IT was when he was in the throes of trying to bring Russia and Japan together—the attempts that ended in triumph and brought him the Nobel Peace Prize.

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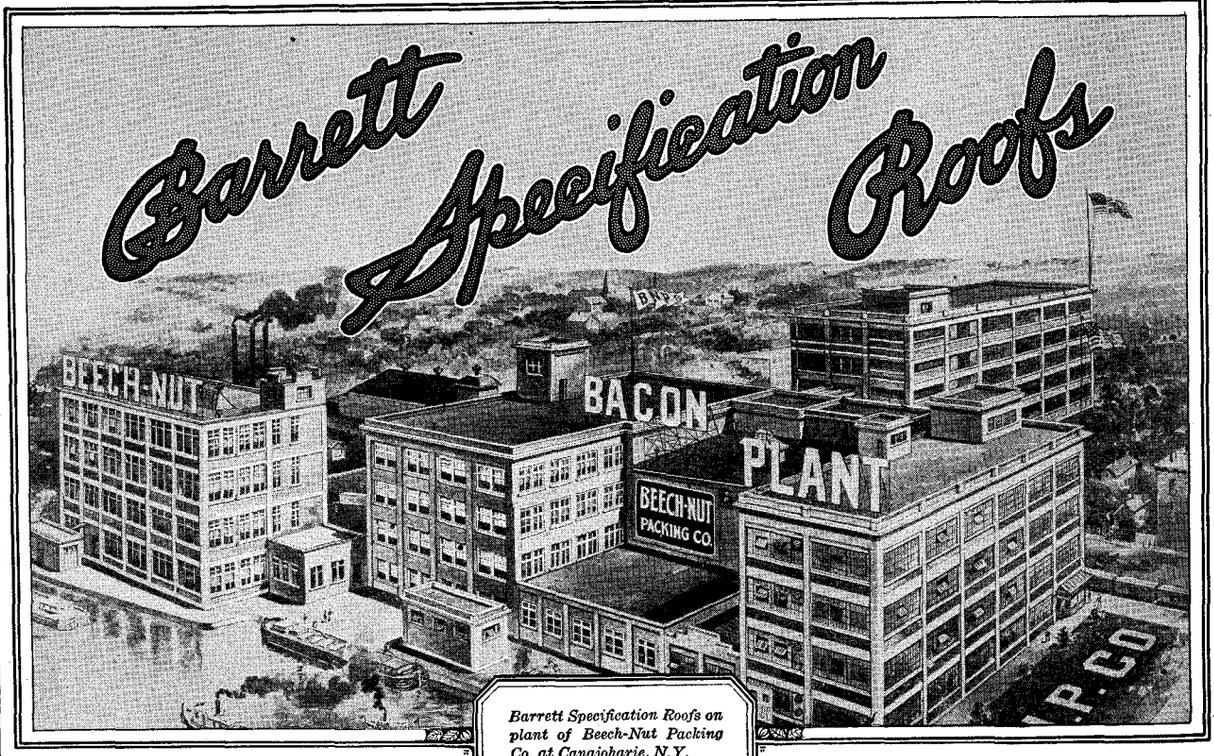

Barrett Specification Roofs on plant of Beech-Nut Packing Co. at Canajoharie, N.Y.

A QUALITY PLANT WITH A QUALITY ROOF

THE Beech-Nut Packing Company started out years ago with the Quality idea in food products.

Covering its first Quality food factory was a Quality roof—a Barrett Specification roof.

And as the years have passed and the wonderful growth of the Beech-Nut business has demonstrated the soundness of the Quality idea in foods, additions and new buildings have been added to the plant—and they have all been covered with the same Quality roof.

Today the entire plant, illustrated above, is covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

The Quality Idea in Roofs

Many years ago The Barrett Company started to work out a specification that would make it possible for building owners everywhere to obtain through their local contractors, a Quality roof based on the best scientific principles of roof construction.

The result was The Barrett Specification. Today Barrett Specification Roofs cover more permanent buildings than any other type.

They take the base rate of insurance; they are guaranteed (under the simple conditions stated below) for a period of 20 years, and, what is perhaps most important of all, *they cost less per year of service than any other type.*

20-Year Guaranty

We offer a 20-Year Surety Bond *guaranteeing* Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares or over in all towns of 25,000 population and more, and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.

This Surety Bond will be issued by the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore and will be furnished by us without charge. Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, be strictly followed.

A copy of The Barrett Specification with full information free on request. Address nearest office.

New York, Cleveland, Birmingham, Salt Lake City, Milwaukee, Youngstown, Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Seattle, Bangor, Toledo, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Peoria, Washington, Columbus

The Barrett Company

Boston, Detroit, Dallas, Atlanta, Johnstown, Elizabeth, St. Louis, New Orleans, Nashville, Duluth, Lebanon, Buffalo, Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

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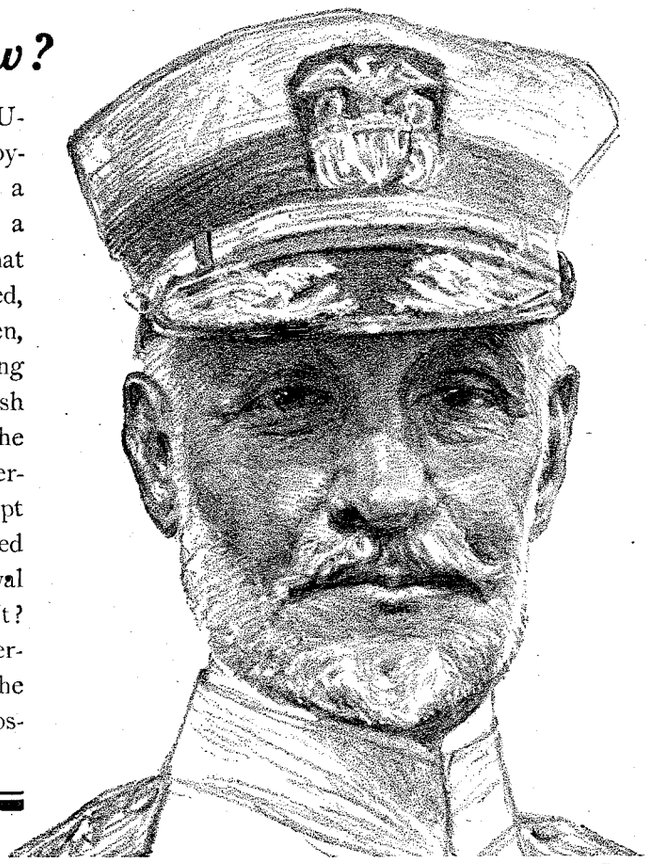
Admiral Sims Reveals Navy Secrets

Do you know?

DO you know that U-Boats were destroying food ships at a rate of 800,000 tons a month? Do you know that the Allies were dazed, hopeless and panic-stricken, despite the overmastering strength of the British Navy? Do you know the methods adopted by Germany in her frantic attempt to "scare" the United States into the withdrawal of our anti-submarine craft? Do you know how deliberate and extensive were the attacks on helpless hospital ships?



Sims tells—

SEPTEMBER Number is ready. This series of articles will run for nearly a year. Sims tells how Germany's attempt to starve the British people into surrender was defeated. How her effort to make impossible the transportation of American troops to Europe failed. How the German submarines were destroyed. How the great North Sea barrage was laid. How our Navy bottled up the German and Austrian submarines in the Adriatic.

THE WORLD'S WORK

SECRET MEMOIRS
of Count de Witte

STARTLING revelations by Count de Witte, the most famous statesman of his time, will be published in The World's Work. His Secret Memoirs bring to light many inside stories concerning secret negotiations in Europe. But one of the many articles of international importance—coming.

ALBERT
By W. P. Cresson

PREPARE for the visit of King Albert, most beloved of monarchs, to America next month. This intimate account will enable you to appreciate his popularity.

THE IRISH QUESTION
By Edward R. Turner

A FRANK discussion of the Irish problem from an American viewpoint. Bound to draw comment from both sides.

PERSHING IN FRANCE
By George McAdam

AT 11.15 on the morning of May 28, 1917, in a down-pour of rain, Major-General Pershing boarded an antiquated little ferry boat on his way to the great World War. Read the September number and follow him through the past all-important two years.

Tear Off the Coupon—and Send it To-day!

THE Sims Story is ready! Don't miss it! Assure yourself of every chapter by becoming a regular subscriber. Sims—de Witte—Pershing *now* and many others of equal importance COMING. The coupon is for your convenience—use it now.

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O-9-10

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Garden City, N. Y.

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MAKING OVER THE ARMY: A READER'S VIEW

Apropos of your article, "Making Over the Army," it should be borne in mind that the future military policy of this country depends largely upon the question of reform in army discipline. If proposed legislation looks to a continuance of the present barbarous system, which is based upon terrorism and contains many of the features of the Prussian military system—an officer caste with its snobbery and arrogance, an assumption of superiority over the civilian population, and the like—at least two million men and their friends will oppose it to the bitter end.

Both the bills of the Military Training Camps Association and that favored by Secretary Baker aim at a reorganization of the Army. Like The Outlook, I believe the bill first named is by far the better. The other bill faces absolute defeat right now, for, with the exception of abolishing seniority promotions and the useless Inspector-General's Department, it reflects those reactionary tendencies which during the war and since have often been denounced both in and out of Congress. Furthermore, the War Department and Secretary Baker have shown how little they wish to improve our army system by the manner in which they have treated Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel T. Ansell, formerly Acting Judge-Advocate General of the Army. Neither the Military Training Camps Association Bill nor the other appears to contemplate any change in this vicious system, which is probably doing more to discourage enlistments than is supposed.

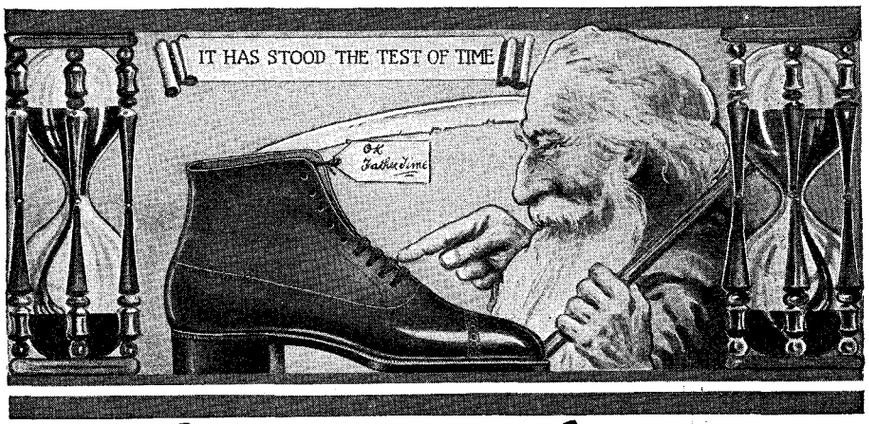
There should be some form of universal training with periodical maneuvers along lines prepared by a General Staff that is up to date and not fighting battles with half-century old ideas—a General Staff devoid of ornament, but fully equipped with all that makes any business efficient to-day. When we consider that probably ninety per cent of the men who went overseas were civilians a few months before they went into the trenches, and that our foremost professional military leaders also had a lot to learn before they got under fire, it seems that our future Army must develop more along broad civil or business lines than along the lines of what has been termed "narrow military professionalism."

If we are to be prepared adequately against invasion or to uphold our honor by armed force abroad, then we must make military service in time of peace, as well as in time of war, attractive. We must first of all establish a system of discipline based upon honor and the principles of law and justice rather than upon fear and the will of the commanding officer. All that is mediæval and absurd in military customs should be abolished immediately. Common sense should govern in the matter of uniforms and the salute, if nowhere else. The old idea that the enlisted man is the personal retainer or the servant of his officers should be done away with and be replaced by the idea that officers and men alike are servants of their common country and answerable to its laws. Brutality, arrogance, and snobbery should be discouraged by severe punishments and all commissions should be given only to men duly qualified who have seen service in the ranks.

So, if we are to adopt a military policy, we must see to it that it is one that will appeal to the millions of men who served their country during the late emergency.

HARRY W. PALMER.

Jersey City, New Jersey.

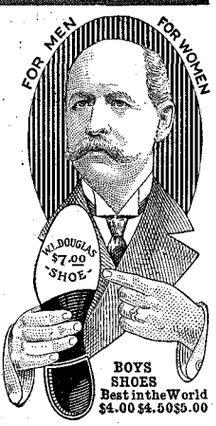


W. L. Douglas

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$5.00 $6.00 $7.00 $8.00 $9.00 & $10.00

You can save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes, the best known shoes in the world. Sold by 106 W. L. Douglas own stores and over 9000 shoe dealers. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.



Since 1883 W. L. Douglas name and the retail price has been stamped on the bottom of the shoes before they leave the factory. The stamped price is never changed; this protects the wearers against unreasonable profits and has saved them millions of dollars on their footwear.

The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere—they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

CAUTION
Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with his name and price stamped on the bottom.

W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are the leaders everywhere. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are made throughout of the finest leather the market affords, with a style endorsed by the leaders of America's fashion centers; they combine quality, style and comfort equal to other makes selling at higher prices.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

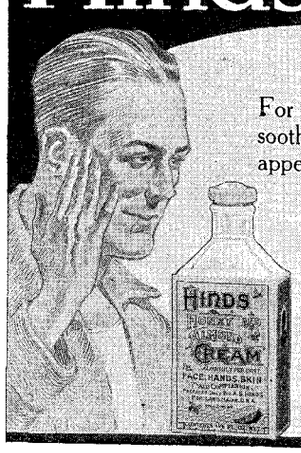
If W. L. Douglas shoes cannot be obtained in your vicinity, order direct from factory by mail, Parcel Post charges prepaid.

Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. Douglas

Pres. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
167 SPARK STREET,
BROCKTON, MASS.

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND Cream



For comfort after shaving apply Hinds Cream to heal, soothe and refresh the face. Its use brings a refined appearance to the skin and fortifies it against discomforts due to sun and wind, soap or hard water, as well as daily shaving. The new non-breakable cap prevents leakage — makes the bottle ideal for travelers and vacationists.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 50c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

A. S. HINDS 257 West Street Portland, Maine

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

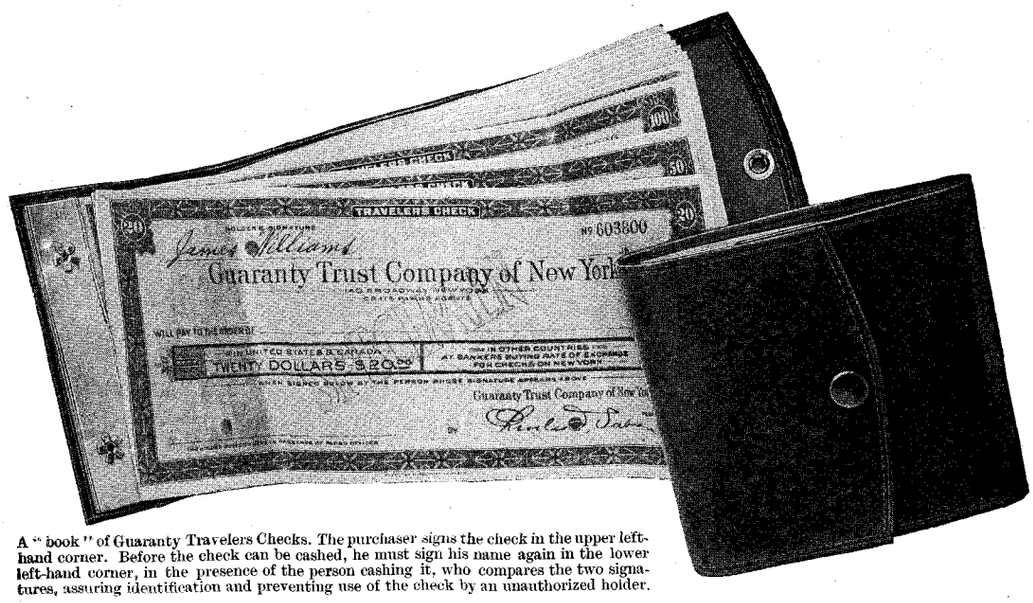
COMMENT ON CURRENT FINANCIAL TOPICS

SEEING THE LIGHT

ANY inordinate or immoderate tendency toward extremes by its very nature signifies termination, and as new and ever more radical labor demands come forth into public notice, each more striking, more forcible, and more self-reliant than its antecedent, there is a growing feeling that the tension is sure to be relaxed in an abrupt and sudden flinging down the gauntlet by the public who are the sufferers in the long run. Organized labor now possesses great power. Does it believe itself to be answerable to no one? The Kaiser believed that once upon a time. But the best labor leaders are hard-headed men possessed of wisdom too shrewd and far-seeing to be unreasonably obstinate beyond the breaking point. Further than this, recent labor developments give assurance to the belief that the rank and file of workers are not backing to the utmost the more radical measures of the agitators.

The example set by the resolutions adopted by the employees of the Midvale Steel Company—entirely on their own initiative—is a striking and significant index to the present trend of thought of sane employees. The sum and substance of the opinion of representatives of 30,000 employees was as follows:

"The high cost of living needs to be abated by diligent, efficient, and conscientious labor, by thrift and avoidance of waste



A "book" of Guaranty Travelers Checks. The purchaser signs the check in the upper left-hand corner. Before the check can be cashed, he must sign his name again in the lower left-hand corner, in the presence of the person cashing it, who compares the two signatures, assuring identification and preventing use of the check by an unauthorized holder.

When You Travel, Take

Guaranty Travelers Checks

WHEN you travel—taking all your funds in *cash* means taking the risk of loss. Taking a *check book* means depending on acquaintanceship. Taking *Guaranty Travelers Checks* means convenience and safety for your funds.

Guaranty Travelers Checks can be cashed at leading banks throughout the United States. They are accepted in payment for transportation at the principal railroad offices and in settlement of accounts by hotels and business houses. They are as readily available as actual cash, yet can be used only by the rightful holder.

Abroad, these checks are also readily accepted by leading hotels and business houses. Unlike other travelers checks, as formerly issued, Guaranty Travelers Checks are not payable in foreign currency at a fixed rate, but are cashed by all leading banks at the best buying rate of exchange, thus affording the holder the full advantage of the high value of the American dollar abroad.

Guaranty Travelers Checks are inexpensive—the charge is at the rate of 50c per $100. They may be obtained at your own bank, in convenient denominations.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

New York London Liverpool Paris Brussels

Capital & Surplus $50,000,000 Resources over $800,000,000

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Financial Department (Continued)

and extravagance. We believe the only sure remedy for the high cost of living is increased production and the stabilization of prices in conformity with wages now being paid. The price of commodities is regulated by the day's labor of a man, and the unit of compensation is not a dollar but the purchasing power of a dollar, and the average price of commodities is raised or lowered by the average compensation received for one hour's work by every man or woman.

"Any workman who demands a greater proportionate return for his labor than his fellow-workman in other lines is as guilty of profiteering as the grocer who charges exorbitant prices for the necessities of life, and wage increases paid to certain workers by the Government will result in higher prices being set by the profiteers to all purchasers alike.

"Be it resolved that demands for shorter hours and increased pay to meet present living costs is uneconomic, unwise, and not to be encouraged, to the end that normal conditions may be brought about, with special privileges to none, but justice to all, and sure and swift retribution for those who may attempt to profiteer in the necessities of life."

"AROUND AND AROUND THE MERRY-GO-ROUND"

The railway unions ask for higher wages, and if these demands are granted the cost of transportation of commodities is increased by just that amount. The reason for these demands is the high cost of living, and has no bearing upon the value of their services to the community, and they are little concerned regarding the source from which these higher wages are to be derived, failing to see that the increased cost of transportation for which they are directly responsible must result in higher commodity prices to the consumer. They have thus increased the cost of living to themselves as well as to all consumers.

Likewise the farmer who receives higher prices for his wheat and his potatoes must in turn pay higher prices for shoes and clothing, so that the manufacturer of these products may in turn pay him his prices for food.

What will be the end of this profiteering? We all know that prices cannot always be increasing, and that in time the peak will be reached and the inevitable break must come. The present idea uppermost in the minds of most profiteering consumers seems to be, "I will exact the last penny from the consumers of my goods and look out for myself, and the rest of mankind can look out for themselves." The weakest link in the chain is sure to give way sooner or later under the strain, and then the whole system of higher and higher costs will tumble.

Federal investigations into prevailing high prices *may* help, but only by unselfish and individual effort can we hope for immediate relief. What are *you* doing to reduce high living costs?

PATRIOTISM

To-day we are paying the price of war and its waste. To overcome this we must be over-industrious and practice such frugality as we have never known before. This is true patriotism to-day. Conservation of food, clothing, shoes—not higher wages to enable us to spend more lavishly—

HW

Investment Service

WE ARE MEMBERS of leading Stock Exchanges, and through our extensive wire system are in close touch with other important financial centers. We are thus enabled to serve a large clientele and to execute promptly orders in all listed and unlisted securities.

Our Bond, Note and Stock Departments are prepared to give expert advice on financial problems. Our Statistical Department furnishes detailed information as to the status of any securities. This service is placed at the disposal of investors, without charge or obligation.

We offer a comprehensive and diversified list of securities which we have purchased for our own account after the most exacting investigation. Circulars descriptive of these issues will be gladly furnished upon request.

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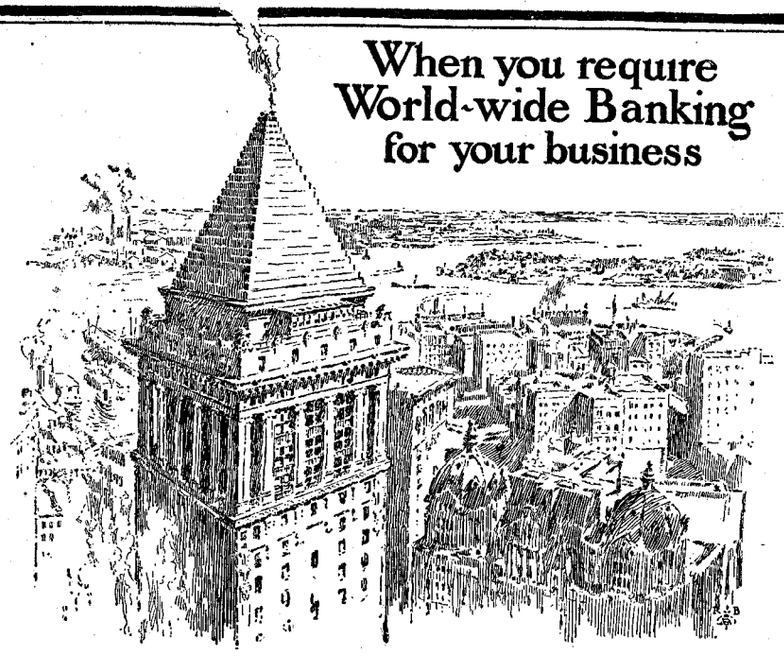
When you require World-wide Banking for your business



WHEN in the course of business events it becomes necessary for a business man to broaden his field of endeavor, he not infrequently finds that he must broaden his banking facilities also.

WHEN your business reaches that point, you may well consider the completeness of financial service afforded by the Bankers Trust Company, 16 Wall Street and Fifth Ave. and 42d St., New York.

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WHEN you place your business account with us you have the satisfaction of knowing that your largest business requirements can be met and your varied banking needs be satisfied to the smallest detail. As a member of the Federal Reserve System, the Bankers Trust Company offers you all of the advantages of the best commercial banks besides the advantages of complete trust company service.

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WHEN you become a customer of our Foreign Department you take advantage of

the best existing world-wide banking facilities

because we are co-operating with hundreds of great banks in all civilized parts of the world. You can make use of our service, for example, for

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—issuing travellers' credits in dollars and pounds sterling
—buying and selling foreign monies
—collecting of foreign coupons
—securing credit information and reports on trade conditions
—issuing documentary credits payable in all parts of the world
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WHEN you become a customer of our Bond Department you will have the investment experience of the Bankers Trust Company at your service. Our officers will be glad to review your lists of investments and advise you that they may be suited to your needs and sufficiently diversified. Because it is our policy to offer to our customers only such securities as we are willing to include in our own investments, you will find in our current offerings—sent to you on request—a carefully selected list of securities which we are buying for our own account.

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Member Federal Reserve System

Downtown Office: 16 Wall Street New York

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Financial Department (Continued)

is what this country needs from us. More constructive harmony in all we do and less waste of energy in class hatred will bring results we all long to have established.

More pay for less work and higher prices for inferior goods will in time work great hardships upon the profiteerer and his un-economical theories.

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION

During the past sixty years the United States produced over sixty per cent of the world's total crude petroleum, Russia about twenty-six per cent, and Mexico three and one-eighth per cent, and these three countries about ninety per cent of the whole.

THE PEAK OF PRODUCTION

The manufacturing plants of this country are to-day not only working to supply the normal demand, but are also attempting to fill up the yawning hollows caused by inactivity during the war.

With continued capacity production more than supplying to-day's requirements, overproduction is sure to become in time an accomplished fact, with a slowing down in one industry after another as the peak is reached, and as labor is released from those industries new employment must be sought. Labor seeking employment, instead of the opposite being the case, will mean lower wages, and this will, in turn, make lower prices possible.

It is said that the Government is borrowing almost a billion dollars a month—twice its revenue from taxes. While this continues, while the Government is borrowing in competition with private enterprise, we cannot hope for cheap money or lower prices or anything but inflation in all lines. Private enterprise must be run economically to succeed, but the contrary may be true as regards Government borrowings and purchases, and this competition may be expected to continue for at least six months more in some instances, although it is indeed gratifying to observe offerings by the Government of overstocked supplies, and just as soon as we are given the opportunity to buy 500,000 blankets, for instance, at sale prices, the mills manufacturing this article must of necessity slow down until the supply may be absorbed and a new demand created.

There are many hopeful signs of relief; the change will be gradual, but the turn has been made; it is now only a question of patiently waiting for more tangible signs, and the old adage is to-day most apt—"Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits."

INQUIRIES

In this period stock market activity this department is daily receiving from The Outlook subscribers requests to give information about or to comment upon stocks of every character. "Do you believe this company's stock is a good investment and is the house which markets it reliable and trustworthy?" And in most cases it is necessary to reply in the negative and sound a warning to the subscriber, for the securities inquired about are often not worthy of the name, and have attracted the writer by appealing advertisements in the daily papers.

In contrast to the usual run of letters one was recently received requesting advice as to whether the writer should invest her money in Equipment Trust Certificates of one of our prominent railway companies.

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Business this Fall?

WITH opinions of leaders widely apart, some saying business will boom while others fear bolshevism or Europe's bankruptcy, the *only* basis of judgment for us is *facts, figures, vital statistics.*

BABSON'S

Barometer Letter of September discusses the situation quite fully and supplies many valuable suggestions.

Bulletin on Request

A copy of this bulletin will be mailed gratis to rated concerns. Write on your business letterhead.

Write for letter 2436 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGES

represent the highest type of investments. They have stood the test of wars and business depression since 1858—60 years, and always worth 100%.
Interest paid promptly at maturity.

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Increasing Your Income

The purchase of taxable bonds yielding high returns is often more profitable than low yield tax exempt securities.

It is of paramount importance, however, that you should know when it will be to your advantage to buy taxable bonds. This can only be determined by a close analysis of your investments which we will gladly make.

For the convenience of investors, we have prepared a table showing the yields of taxable bonds equivalent to the yields of various tax exempt securities.

Send for our pamphlet O-345 "Taxable or Tax Exempt Bonds."

A·H·Bickmore & Co
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Financial Department (Continued)

It was certainly most gratifying to learn that this subscriber had selected such a splendid channel of investment, and we have deemed it worthy to call to the attention of our readers the fact that these certificates of short-term duration and reasonably high yield represent one of the safest investments one can make. Defaults upon Equipment Trust Certificates are practically unknown—their record being even better than that of municipal bonds.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Q. The writer has $4,000 coming due on August 15 which during the past five years has been earning 5½ per cent. How would you suggest that this sum be invested to give a net income of at least 1 per cent more than I have enjoyed, preferably short-term notes?

A. Owing to the present condition of the investment market, we believe that bonds of long maturity should be selected, but as you ask for short-term notes we give below a list with attractive yields for your consideration, and trust that you will make a selection with due regard for your own investment requirements—possibly one railway, one steel, one packing company, and one tobacco company note for each $1,000 available.

Security.	Rate. Per Cent.	Due.	Bid. Per Cent.	Asked. Per Cent.	Yield. Per Cent.
American Thread...	6	Dec. 1, '28	100½	101⅛	5.80
Am. Telephone....	6	Feb. 1, '24	99¼	99⅝	6.10
American Tobacco..	7	Nov. 1, '23	103⅜	103¾	5.95
Anaconda Copper..	6	Jan. 1, '29	98¾	99⅛	6.15
Armour & Co.....	6	June 15, '20	100⅛	100⅜	5.55
Armour & Co.....	6	June 15, '24	100¼	100¾	5.80
Bethlehem Steel...	7	July 15, '22	101⅞	102¼	6.15
Bethlehem Steel....	7	July 15, '23	101⅞	102¼	6.35
Baltimore & Ohio..	6	Apr. 1, '24	95	96	7.00
Canadian Pacific....	6	Mar. 2, '24	99⅞	100¼	5.95
Central of Georgia.	6	June 1, '29	96½	97¼	6.40
C., B. & Q. joint...	4	July 1, '21	94⅞	95¼	6.75
Cudahy Packing....	7	July 15, '23	101	101½	6.55
Del. & Hudson.....	5	Aug. 1, '20	99¼	99⅝	5.35
Domin. of Canada..	5½	Aug. 1, '21	99⅜	99¾	5.65
General Electric....	6	July 1, '19	100⅛	100⅜	4.65
General Electric....	6	July 1, '20	100⅜	100⅝	5.30
Great Northern....	5	Sep. 1, '20	98¾	99½	5.90
Hocking Valley....	6	Mar. 1, '24	97	97¾	6.60
Laclede Gas Light..	7	Jan. 1, '29	99⅜	99⅞	7.00
Liggett & Myers...	6	Dec. 1, '21	99⅞	100¼	5.90
Philadelphia Co....	6	Feb. 1, '22	96¼	97	7.35
Procter & Gamble.	7	Mar. 1, '23	102⅞	103¼	5.95
Southern Railway..	6	Mar. 1, '22	97½	98½	6.65
Swift & Co.....	6	Aug. 15, '21	99¾	100	6.00
U. S. Rubber.....	7	Dec. 1, '23	103¾	104½	5.80

"CHICAGO RACE RIOTS"

Charles W. Holman in his recent article on the Race Riots in Chicago says: "Many (Negroes) have bought tickets for their old homes in the South." According to the reports of investigators this is not correct. Some colored people in their flight left the city. A number of young men involved in the disturbances fled to escape arrest. Some have gone to the South. The number who have accepted transportation from Southern representatives to return to labor are very few. The facts are that more colored people of the South have come into Chicago since the riots than have gone away. Some who have gone South have said they expect to return and bring their friends with them. A. L. Jackson, Secretary of the Colored Y. M. C. A., Harvard graduate, and a leader, says: "The colored people see that if they can't make it in Chicago then it is no use for them to try somewhere else. Of all places they don't want to go back South." He also said their better wages, their freedom from the constant discrimination that they have in the South, and the chance to vote make them prefer the North. Here something may be done to give them justice and a fair chance. DUNCAN C. MILNER.

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read The Outlook's advertisement on page 65.

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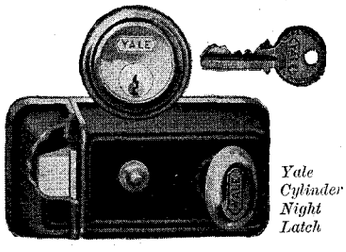

Yale Cylinder Night Latch

ANOTHER PLUM CREEK ADVENTURE

I was much interested in "The New Great Thing" [an Indian adventure story] in your issue of August 6. The mention in that story of Plum Creek brings back to me a very peculiar coincidence.

In the 70's telegraph operators were very scarce in Southern California, being mostly of the home-made variety and known professionally as "plugs." Whenever a real operator would drift in, he was very likely to be made the subject of hero-worship. In 1875–6, aside from railway operators, there were but two knights of the key in San Bernardino County, both plugs, Will Boren at San Bernardino, and myself at Riverside.

Boren told me one day that a first-class operator named Williams had drifted into "S B" and invited me to come up and get acquainted with him, which I did.

I found Mr. Williams a very agreeable gentleman, with a good-sized fund of stories of his own experiences which he would narrate in a quiet, matter-of-fact way which convinced Boren and me that he was telling the truth.

He said that he had been operator at Plum Creek, Nebraska, before the front of the U. P. reached there. Plum Creek, he explained, was a stage station—that is to say, stages stopped there only to water man and beast. He was the sole inhabitant, the telegraph company making a test station of it. He saw no one except when the stages (one each way, daily) stopped a few minutes, as before stated, for water. He had no company but his own thoughts and the clicking sounder, and his thoughts were not good company because he could not forget for a minute that his predecessor had stopped suddenly in the middle of a conversation, leaving the wire open, and when the next stage stopped there he had been found at the instrument, dead, scalped, and a stake driven down his throat. Williams had stuck it out for three or four weeks, and then threw up the job. He said that if he had remained much longer he would have gone crazy.

This was the story he told Will Boren and me in 1875 or '76, I cannot now recall which.

Now for the coincidence.

In 1879, in some local paper—I think it was the Colton "Semi-Tropic"—that carried a lot of "boiler-plate," I found a story, told as a personal experience of the writer, who claimed to have been operator at Plum Creek, under the same conditions as narrated by Williams. All the Indian tribes were nominally at peace with the white man. One day a shadow falling on his desk startled him. He looked up instantly, reaching for his revolver at the same time. An Indian stood at the door, and, before the operator could shoot, made the peace sign in the sign language of the plains, of which the operator knew a little. The operator managed to make out that the Indian was a Blackfoot who had been captured by the Crows, had escaped, and was trying to get back to his own tribe. He was nearly starved, and wanted food and water. The operator supplied his wants, and the Indian stayed with him for some time, gladly doing such chores as he could, and they became good friends. When he had fully regained his strength, he left to try to reach his own people, and the operator thought the incident was closed. Several weeks passed, and once more the operator was startled by the sudden appearance of an Indian, this time in full war regalia; but before the operator could get action with his pistol, the Indian addressed him in English, of which he knew a few words.

It was the same Indian, and, between his scanty knowledge of English and the operator's scanty knowledge of the sign language, he managed to make the operator understand that his tribe were on the war-path against the whites; that he had managed to get away from his party, and, by forced marches, had come on, a few hours ahead of his companions, to warn his friend. The operator must leave on the first east-bound stage. As there was nothing to indicate an outbreak, the operator was skeptical at first, but finally became convinced that the Indian was telling the truth. He wired the news to Omaha at once, and said that he should come in on the first stage. Omaha was decidedly skeptical—took no stock in an Indian outbreak, believed that the solitude had affected his brain, etc., but finally said they would send a man to relieve him at once—wait till man arrived. The operator said he would *not* wait—would come in on first stage, and that any one coming to relieve him was coming to certain—and probably most unpleasant—death. He took the next stage, the driver and passengers of which treated him with the pity commonly bestowed on one whose mind has broken down under the strain of too prolonged solitude. They met the west-bound stage with the relief operator on board, and the operator solemnly warned him of the danger he was going into, only to be met with the same pitying looks and manner.

He arrived at Omaha a day or two later, late at night, and went to bed at once. When he woke the next morning the newsboys were crying the morning papers—"Indian Outbreak—Operator at Plum Creek Killed." He hurried down and bought a paper and read that the relief operator at Plum Creek had been found lashed in his chair, *scalped, and a stake driven down his throat.*

I have never checked up the details of the story, but I have often wondered if Williams wrote the "boiler-plate" story; or if the two chapters were by two different men; and if the whole story is true.

EDWARD NORTH.

Los Angeles, California.

WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS

I have read in your issue of August 20 R. H. Leavell's article, "What Does the Negro Want?" and your editorial note thereon. I venture to think that Mr. Leavell is mistaken in saying that the Negro wants only equal opportunity. What the Negro really wants is identical opportunity, a full and free social and political intercourse with the white. He accepts segregation only as the second-best thing and because it is the best he can do. It is because the Negro child is made to feel uncomfortable in the general public school of Ohio that he is sent to a school for his own race. I say this because I have seen some of the methods used to make the Negro know that he is not a welcome mate in the Northern school. I approve the opinion of the editor that segregation will bring the best results for the Negro, but no one North or South should be blind to the fact that what the Negro really wants is free and unhampered social intercourse.

G. W. PASCHAL.

Wake Forest, North Carolina.

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BY THE WAY

The garment business in New York City is of such magnitude that a daily paper, the "Daily Garment News," has been started to advance its interests. Its price is two cents, and it is full of trade news. An interesting article in one issue discusses the question whether Paris is again to be the arbiter of fashions. Mr. Frederick Bode, "President of the Millinery Chamber of Commerce," is quoted: "We are not dependent upon Paris styles. While Paris excels in certain styles, we excel in others. Hats, as hats go, are better made in this country than any other." Another importer holds a contrary view: "As evidence of how absolutely necessary to our fashions are the ideas of Paris, one has only to look back over the period of the war. During those years American fashions slumped disgracefully. Every nation of Europe looks to Paris for guidance in style."

An example of the humorous element in the "Daily Garment News" is found in the following despatch from Atlantic City:

> This place was taken by storm yesterday when two "bathing widows" in regulation black crepe veils, which flowed backward from their tight-fitting caps, appeared on the beach. The suits of dull material were abbreviated enough to show that the "widows" were of the proverbial merry type. Did they bathe? What a foolish question!

France's soldiers and politicians have of course overshadowed her litterateurs of late years, but perhaps now the latter will be coming to the fore. The thought is suggested by a chance reading of Alphonse Karr's witticism, "The politicians and the litterateurs will increase indefinitely in numbers, because they are men following the only two trades that any one ventures to adopt without having learned them."

The humor of the Scandinavian countries is unfamiliar to most Americans. Here are some examples of that humor taken from recent issues of Scandinavian papers:

Lars Stranna and Elias Vasbotn were caught on a fiord by a storm. It grew dark and the boat was dangerously tossed about by the elements. Finally Lars said, "Kneel on the tiller and say the 'Our Father' for both of us, Elias." Elias complied, but had not got more than halfway through when Lars cried out, "Stop! Stop! That's enough! We don't need any more! I can see land!"

Corporal (to dull-witted recruit): "Have you a brother?" Recruit: "Yes." Corporal: "Is he as silly as you?" Recruit: "Yes." Corporal: "What is he?" Recruit: "A corporal."

It was in the Spanish 'flu period and old Oppigar lay at death's door. The priest came and told him he must forgive his enemies. Oppigar promised to do so with the single exception of Peter Svingen, against whom he had a very special grudge. But the priest insisted that even Peter must also be forgiven. "All right, then," said Oppigar, "I will forgive Peter also—but if I get well I'll have it out with the old scoundrel!"

"Tell the doctor to come at once! A mouse has run down my sister's throat!" "Well, why do you want the doctor? Can't you send the cat after it?"

A correspondent of an English paper recently indulged in this bull: "Lest a whisper of the hidden hand be heard—." Was it an English clergyman who said to his congregation, "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split"?

A subscriber writes: "Your note in By the Way of August 6 about a centenarian brings to mind my neighbor. She was born in May, 1817, and is therefore 102 years 3 months old. Two years ago she recited to me a poem, printed in The Outlook ten years previously, on 'The Death of Lincoln,' which she had committed to memory when she was 90 years old and recited when she was 100. She is in possession of all her faculties, but cannot read much now, so occupies much of her time in playing solitaire or seeing her friends."

An English weekly contains this example of an ambiguous sentence: "From Llandindrod you proceed along the lovely valley of the Ithon, growing more beautiful as you proceed."

The "Journal of the American Medical Association" prints in its humorous column this grind on the medical profession:

> "... Doctors of these modern days
> Are trained and skilled in diff'rent ways;
> Each knows the illness of some part;
> One knows the nose, one hears the heart;
> One using an ophthalmoscope
> With naught but optics tries to cope;
> Jones feels the arms, Briggs pulls the legs,
> While Brown taps chests that sound like kegs.
> The patient anxiously must bleat:
> 'Say, Doc,' which nostril do you treat?'"

A correspondent of the Topeka "Capital" tells "how hot it is in Kansas," as follows: "With the sun making the air almost as hot as an oven a young blackbird spied a crock of water setting in the sun, and, making a dart for it, plunged in. The bird gave a sharp squawk of pain as it touched the water, then turned a couple of flips in the air, and beating it like the wind for the shade of a tree, shook itself vigorously, dislodging a handful of feathers. Mr. Boyle found the water so hot he could not bear his hand in it."

The cafeteria system, according to "Popular Mechanics," is being applied to young pigs in the Corn Belt section. These "pig cafeterias," it says, are based on the discovery that small pigs are competent to select the menu best suited for them; they "consist of little houses with feed hoppers supplied with corn, meat, meal, wheat by-products, salt, and other delicacies. A bar fence keeps the big pigs out of the cafeteria."

Culver City, California, now claims the largest motion-picture studio in the world. It cost a million dollars, has two complete theaters and six huge production stages, and covers forty acres of ground. In a single scene of Geraldine Farrar's new play, "The World and its Woman," produced in this studio, 2,800 people appeared before the camera.

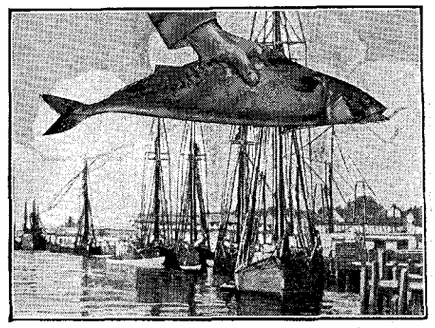
The recipes that are given on the woman's page of the daily papers are often wonderful concoctions; with the aid of the linotype artist they are sometimes positively funny. Here is one that has apparently been "cooked up" in the Mergenthaler melting-pot. It is printed in the New York "Evening Telegram":

> To a cup of stewed, strained tomatoes add one-half teaspoonful of sale, one teaspoonful of sugar, grated lemon skin, the juice of half a lemon and a tablespoonful of olive oil. Cook this till well mixed and serve hot.
> add oneshrdlu uetaoin un un un unuuun

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

RIGHT FROM THE FISHING BOATS TO YOU



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CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

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WANTED—Mother's helper, middle September. Refined, educated Protestant, aged 30-35, for two children ages 4 and 2½ years. Excellent wages. Winter suburb Philadelphia or New York. Highest references essential. 7,319, Outlook.

WANTED—Competent woman for massage, hydrotherapeutic, and gymnastic work. Also dietitian to take charge of diet kitchen in hospital for nervous diseases. 7,324, Outlook.

WANTED—A Christian woman as household manager and housekeeper for a small school for boys. Good salary and home. 7,356, Outlook.

WANTED — Capable, refined, Protestant young woman for mother's helper. Family of four; two children; modern home. Small, pleasant town. References desired. 7,362, Outlook.

WANTED—Working housekeeper, not over 45, for two persons in small New York apartment. 7,370, Outlook.

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EDUCATED woman, energetic, large experience attributed with unusual executive ability, desires position of responsibility and trust. 7,347, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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EXPERIENCED secretary and bookkeeper desires position in school or institution. 7,323, Outlook.

CHAUFFEUR — American, courteous, a careful driver and good mechanic, wishes private position. References. 7,374, Outlook.

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AVAILABLE October 1 as traveling or home companion, lady, 28, of ability and personality; refined, adaptable, good reader and vocalist. Can drive automobile, typewrite, keep accounts, file, correct manuscripts. Understands management of house and garden. Minimum salary, $1,500. References exchanged. 7,298, Outlook.

DIETITIAN housekeeper, with exceptional executive ability and economical manager, desires high-class position, institutional, commercial, or private. 7,304, Outlook.

HOUSE-MOTHER. Thoroughly competent Christian lady, resourceful, kind, well educated, reared in home of unusual charm, would serve in first-class boarding school, or COMPANION-nurse wealthy lady (not helpless) desiring excellent care, supervision. 7,330, Outlook.

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RE-ENGAGEMENT wanted by English lady of several years' experience as companion to girl of 18 or younger or as social secretary in resident position. Good musician. Knowledge of French. Excellent references. 7,361, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as social secretary or companion during father's absence abroad. References exchanged. 7,359, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by experienced supervising housekeeper. Private family, small hotel or select sanatarium. Will travel. First-class recommendations. 7,358, Outlook.

SECRETARY—companion—housekeeper. Middle-aged, cultured, D. A. R., experienced management of household and children. Good traveler. References exchanged. Minimum salary $75 with full maintenance. 7,360, Outlook.

EDUCATED, experienced woman desires position as housemother in children's home or industrial school. Fond of children. Good disciplinarian. 7,352, Outlook.

REFINED, middle-aged American woman desires position as companion or assistant in a home. Cheerful disposition; good reader; accustomed to directing servants, keeping accounts. References exchanged. Mrs. F. L. Hinman, 350 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WANTED, near New York, by a graduate nurse, middle age, charge of invalid or elderly person. References. 7,357, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as companion. Will travel. References. 7,372, Outlook.

DOCTOR'S widow would like position as assistant or practical nurse in physician's office or as companion for lady going South for winter. 7,371, Outlook.

NURSE, practical, experienced, desires position. 7,340, Outlook.

LADY, at present manager of exclusive country club closing middle of September, would undertake similar position. Could bring staff. Or would undertake position in private house or management of bachelors' apartments. Salary $125 monthly. 7,346, Outlook.

PROTESTANT woman of forty-six, experienced as practical dietitian, managing housekeeper, and matron, wishes executive position in institution. Minimum salary $75 monthly. References. 7,349, Outlook.

WANTED, by a college woman, a position as managing housekeeper. Experienced. 7,348, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GENTLEWOMAN desires position as governess. French, German, English, kindergarten and trained nurse experience. Entire charge children 5 up. Country preferred. Best references. 7,368, Outlook.

FRENCH governess desires position. One or two children 6-9 years old. Excellent references. J. B., 7,355, Outlook.

GRADUATE of Savage School for Physical Training desires position as gymnasium teacher or assistant in private school, city or country. Please address Miss E. Litchfield, 46 Willow St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send anything on approval. Services free. References required. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Detective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

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REFINED widow will care for infant or small child in her country home, thirty miles from Cleveland, Ohio. $15 week. References. 7,353, Outlook.

LADY, former teacher, Florida seashore home, will care for and teach one or two children. Also experienced as practical nurse and dietitian. Magnificent beaches, outdoor life, happy home. 7,354, Outlook.

WOMAN novelist (in "Who's Who"), member of New York's best artistic circles, will share home with and socially chaperon congenial young woman. $35 week. Highest credentials required and given. 7,341, Outlook.

INSTRUCTION by mail—over 100 courses. For "Free Tuition Plan" apply Carnegie College, Rogers, Ohio.

A clergyman's wife, graduate of the Boston Children's Hospital, will give scientific and loving care to infant or child in her beautiful New England country home. 7,364, Outlook.

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